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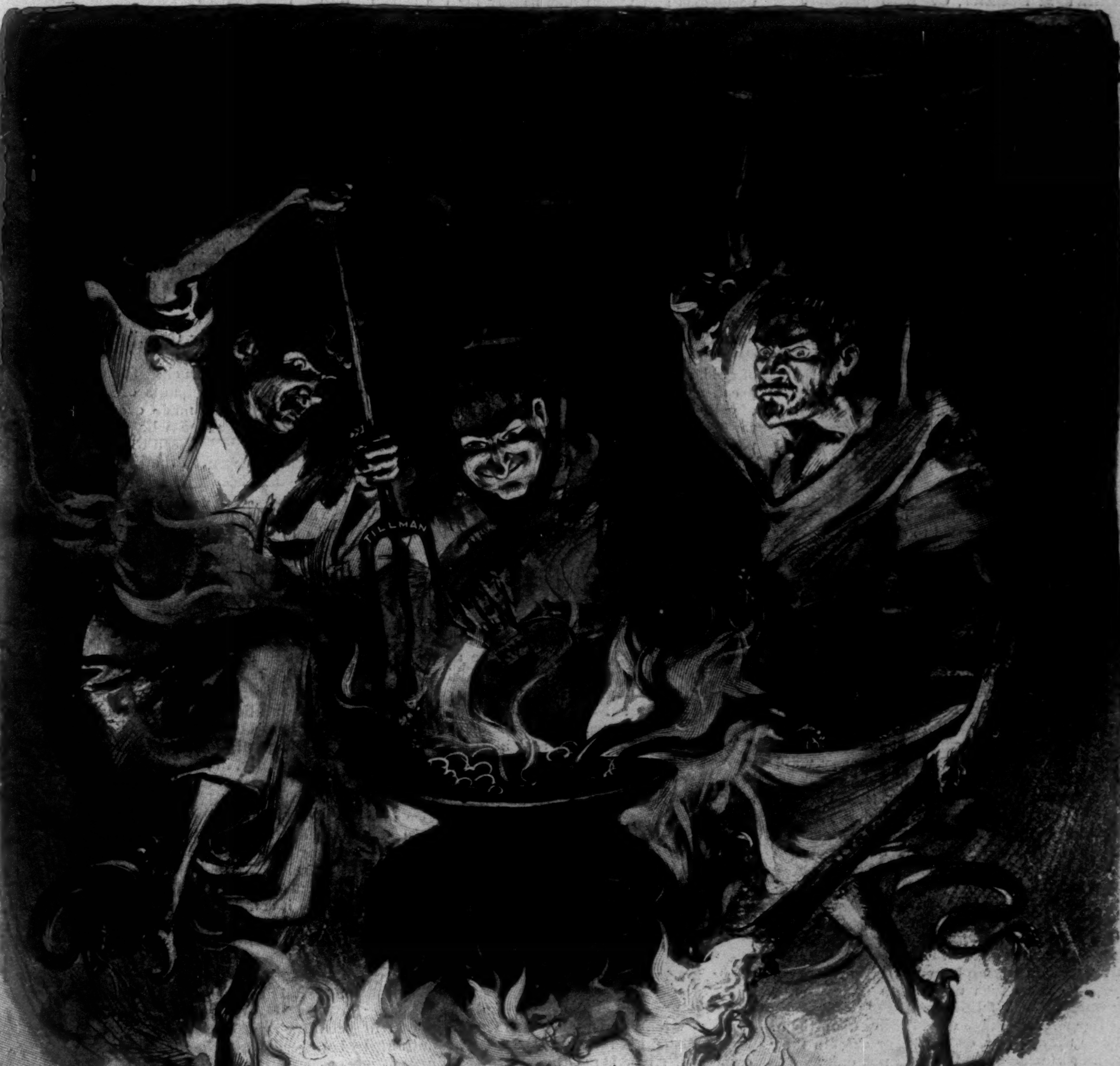

"HELL BROTH."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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The Nation's Honor must be Preserved.

For President,
WILLIAM McKINLEY, OF OHIO.

For Vice-President,
GARRET A. HOBART, OF NEW JERSEY.

CRIMINAL PARTY REGULARITY.

THERE is not a sensible man who will not admit that a political party is, and should be, nothing else than an association of citizens who are agreed upon certain principles or measures of public policy, and who organize themselves for common action to the end of carrying those principles or measures into practical operation. To the extent that such principles or measures are likely to advance the moral and material interests of the community, and that the political party is sincere in their advocacy and furtherance, the party will be entitled to the respect and confidence of the public, and no further. As a theoretical proposition this will be assented to by everybody. It will also be universally admitted that, to have any reason of being at all, a political party must believe in something, and that a party that has no creed at all, but exists merely for the purpose of acquiring and exercising power for its own benefit, without any other public object, is, in a democratic government, an unmitigated nuisance and a public danger, and adherence to such a party is little less than a civic crime.

It is time that these simple truths be remembered. At no period of their history have the American people been treated to quite so shocking an exhibition as is now presented by those Democrats who but two or three months ago, in their State conventions, declared the free coinage of silver to be a policy in the highest degree dangerous to the material interests and utterly incompatible with the honor of this republic, and who, as soon as the regular organization of their party had been captured by the Populists at Chicago, promptly turned round and accepted free coinage as the policy to be supported, or who, without explicitly endorsing the free-coinage platform, at least support the candidates pledged to carry out that platform. It will not be pretended that there was any valid occasion between May or June and July for changing conscientious convictions on that vital subject. Certainly the speeches delivered at the Chicago convention could not have produced such a change. It may perhaps be said that men who could jump so lightly from a platform denouncing free coinage as a dangerous and dishonorable policy, to a platform praising it as the salvation of the people, can hardly have had any well-settled opinions at all. But there were among them many persons intelligent enough to have such opinions, and who had clearly and emphatically expressed them—some even with uncommon ability—earnestly warning their fellow-citizens of the disasters which free silver coinage would bring upon them.

How do they justify, or excuse, or explain their astounding somersault? There is not one among them who has undertaken to reveal to the world any serious process of reasoning by which he convinced himself between May and July that free coinage has been transformed from a national danger and disgrace into a national blessing. All that we have heard from them is that the Democratic party, in a regularly elected national convention, has taken its stand in favor of free coinage, that the party must be obeyed and preserved, and that whoever wishes to keep his regular standing in the party organization must advocate, or at least acquiesce in, the platform regularly adopted, and actively support the candidates regularly nominated. Now we can well understand how a conscientious and patriotic party man may earnestly wish to preserve his party as an instrument for public usefulness, and how to this end he may subordinate his private judgment to party dictation on matters of minor importance. But free coinage is certainly not a matter of minor importance. It is by far the most portentous subject submitted to popular decision since the civil war. It is the principal, if not the sole, issue of the present campaign. Private judgment on so vital a question is a matter of moral responsibility no less solemn than the private judgment was which at the time of the Revolution determined the choice of an American between the Patriots and the Tories, or which, in 1861, might have led a Northern man to forsake the Union.

It is hardly conceivable how a man of ordinary intelligence should adhere to his party on the ground that it should be kept intact as an instrument of future public usefulness, when he is obliged to admit that by adopting principles utterly destructive to the common welfare and to the national honor it has made itself an instrument of one of the worst of evils. It is equally inconceivable how a man not entirely devoid of moral sense and of patriotic spirit should support his party in a policy which he himself has recognized and denounced as pernicious and unpatriotic, merely for the selfish purpose of preserving for himself what advantages there may be in regular party standing. And yet this is exactly what these recent Democratic converts to a cause in which they do not believe are doing.

We are well aware that there are men among them so utterly lost to self-respect and to all sense of public duty that no appeal to the nobler impulses of human nature will pierce their mean and unscrupulous selfishness. But there are many others who follow their deplorable course because they have never made clear to themselves the true nature of what they are doing and its possible consequences. A word to them may not be amiss. They support and intend to vote for the free-coinage candidates for the purpose, or at least at the risk, of securing their election. Let them suppose that they succeeded in this. Let them imagine then the results that would inevitably follow the election of Mr. BRYAN: the instant disappearance of gold, and the establishment of the silver basis; in consequence of the sudden change of the measure of values a violent contraction of the currency, and the fiercest financial crisis this country has ever experienced; mercantile houses and manufactories, which under ordinary circumstances would have been perfectly solvent, succumbing to their sudden embarrassments and going down by the hundreds; all spirit of enterprise paralyzed; untold thousands of laboring people thrown helpless on the street; the savings of the toilers and the pensions of the war veterans cut down to one-half of their value; everywhere confusion, distress, and misery; the darkest gloom of uncertainty as to the future; and the nation, as a wanton repudiator and fraudulent bankrupt, dishonored in the eyes of the world. And when they contemplate this possible and, in case of their success, inevitable result of their conduct, what can they hope to accomplish to offset such public calamities? Nothing but to keep their "regular" standing in a party organization that has rendered itself contemptible and infamous, has destroyed all possibility of public usefulness for an indefinite period, and, in fact, forfeited its right to be a party, by shamelessly abandoning its professed principles, and by doing active service in a cause which it knows to be the cause of ruin and national disgrace. We hope that every self-respecting man who still adheres to it will recognize the fact that "regular" standing in such a party is a sign of the worst kind of citizenship and a badge of dishonor.

MR. BRYAN'S SECTIONAL AND CLASS WAR.

IN the progress of the campaign it is becoming more apparent that in Mr. BRYAN'S mind and in the minds of his followers the free and unlimited coinage of silver is not the end to be gained; it is only the means, or the most important co-efficient of various means, by which a social revolution is to be wrought. What is desired by Mr. BRYAN and by his associates like ALTGELD and TILLMAN is the rule of the thriftless and discontented over the prosperous and the industrious; in other words, class rule. They tell us that the poor are oppressed, the debtor is at the mercy of his creditor, and that the people of the East are engaged in a conspiracy with the bankers of London against the producers of the South and the West. It ought to be unnecessary to discuss this question in a country whose per capita property, real and personal, increased between 1850 to 1890 from $308 to $870; and whose per capita expenditures for the maintenance of public schools for the education of the children of all classes grew from $5 24 in 1870 to $8 49 in 1894. Under existing laws, defective as many of them are, this country has grown rich and prosperous, and while there is some proper discontent, as there always will be until human nature itself shall be changed, it is the last country in the world in which a demagogue might be expected to seek the control of the government through an appeal to class and sectional prejudices. And yet this is what Mr. BRYAN and his associates are doing, and it is what was to have been expected from a movement of which Governor ALTGELD is the most intelligent, the most trusted, and the most influential leader. It is sought to substitute for the rule of equal laws the rule of passion, of jealousy, and of the meanest and most lawless desires of those who want, and who are eager to make war on those who have.

Mr. BRYAN himself, so far as we are aware, uttered his first declaration of war against the East in the course of a speech which he made on the bond bill that was pending in the House of Representatives in February, 1895. This was the bill introduced for the purpose of averting the necessity under which Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. CARLISLE found themselves of accepting the terms of the syndicate. If the bill had passed, Mr. BRYAN would have been deprived of one war-cry against Eastern bankers, while the government would have saved $16,000,000. He voted against the measure, and in the course of his speech opposing it, referring to the people of the East, he said: "They hold our bonds and our mortgages.... They are seeking to reap what they do not sow; they are seeking to collect that to which they are not entitled; they favor spoliation under the forms of law.... The time will come when the unjust demands and the oppressive exactions of our Eastern brethren will compel the South and the West to unite." This was the speech of an enemy of the Union, besides being a monstrous untruth. It was fittingly followed by the candidate's declaration at the Chicago convention, where, still speaking of and at the East, he said: "We beg no longer. We entreat no more. We defy them." And since then, beginning with his attempt at Red Hook to excite the hostility of the Duchess County farmers against the owners and occupants of Hudson River country houses, he has made every effort to stir up strife between those who want and those who have, as well as between the South and West on the one side, against the East on the other. In this he has been well seconded by Senator TILLMAN and Governor ALTGELD.

The vital spirit of the BRYAN campaign is a denial of the truth, which all men who are honest know full well and acknowledge, that all classes in our community are interdependent, and that the prosperity of each individual is best promoted by increasing the prosperity of all. If the BRYAN-ALTGELD principle were to be applied, we should have legislation for the purpose of preventing the acquisition of property, and this would affect the man who has earned his humble home, or who hopes to earn one, as disastrously as it would affect the millionaire. We should also have legislation by debtors for the purpose of enabling them to escape partly or entirely from their obligations, and naturally, in shaping such legislation, the dishonest debtors would have the principal voice. We should have legislation taking the control of property from its owners and placing it in the hands of the politicians, Populists or others, who for the moment would be in the majority in the State or Federal legislature. We should have legislative attacks on capital, and capital would seek countries where it could be safely employed, or go into hiding at home if no profitable investments offered abroad, until the storm of communism had blown over. If capital ceased to work, what would labor do? Enterprises would not be undertaken, existing establishments would be closed, men would go out of business. The business interests of this country are constantly using about $2,000,000,000 borrowed from the national banks alone. This money pays the wages of hundreds of thousands of workers, keeps open thousands of factories, workshops, and stores. Is labor interested in driving it into idleness? The BRYAN-ALTGELD programme proposes to put an end to the trust and confidence on which modern business rests.

A class war and a sectional war cannot attract the industrious and honest poor of this country. Mr. BRYAN is appealing to the dishonest speculator who is always ready to scale his debts at the expense of his creditor, to the thriftless idler who believes that this world owes him a living without labor or trouble on his part, to the man who wants an increased price for his products and low wages for his workmen, to the criminal outcasts of society who, like the Populist candidate for Governor of North Carolina, are "ready for a change." Mr. BRYAN'S natural allies are the enemies of the state, the conspirators against the existing order, the jealous haters of industry and thrift. He would set the land on fire with class hatred and sectional strife. He would push back the country towards the savage times when men never trusted one another. The Bryan-Altgeld policy is hostile to modern civilization, for it is the policy of the discontented, of the anarchists, of those who have not been able to gain a place in the world, and who are the malignant enemies of those who have. When we read Mr. Bryan's speeches, when we realize that Governor Altgeld is the ablest leader of the party, when we contemplate Tillman and Debs and Coxey and the army that is behind them, we cannot wonder that Mr. Goldwin Smith should write, as he has written in the London *Saturday Review*, "All the elements of distress, class hatred, social revolution, craziness, and anarchy have combined against the American Republic." We do not believe that the honest farmers and working-men of the country, from whose ranks came the great mass of the Union soldiers, are ready to join this motley throng in its assault upon the institutions which they once defended.

THE OUTLOOK.

There is no longer any doubt as to the result of the election. Mr. Bryan will be defeated. The only question is as to the extent of the defeat. The following table shows the result of a careful and trustworthy canvass of the several States:

States.	McKinley.	Bryan.	States.	McKinley.	Bryan.
Maine	6	0	North Dakota	0	3
New Hampshire	4	0	South Dakota	0	4
Vermont	4	0	Kentucky	13	0
Massachusetts	15	0	Oregon	4	0
Rhode Island	4	0	Washington	4	0
Connecticut	6	0	California	9	0
New York	36	0	Kansas	0	10
New Jersey	10	0	Nebraska	8	0
Delaware	3	0	Wyoming	0	3
Pennsylvania	32	0	Louisiana	0	8
Maryland	8	0	Tennessee	0	12
Virginia	0	12	Missouri	0	17
West Virginia	6	0	Texas	0	15
North Carolina	0	11	Alabama	0	11
South Carolina	0	9	Arkansas	0	8
Georgia	0	13	Colorado	0	4
Florida	0	4	Idaho	0	3
Ohio	23	0	Mississippi	0	9
Indiana	15	0	Montana	0	3
Illinois	24	0	Nevada	0	3
Michigan	14	0	Utah	0	3
Wisconsin	12	0			
Iowa	13	0	Total	282	165
Minnesota	9	0			

Total electoral votes 447
Necessary for a choice 224

This table gives Mr. McKinley a majority of 117 in the Electoral College. He will probably have a greater majority. In the above table there are 68 doubtful votes that have been counted for Mr. Bryan.

THE SUGGESTION OF FOLLY.

The New York *Times* recently announced that it was the intention of some of the Republican managers to make the tariff issue more prominent than the currency issue during the last few weeks of the campaign. We have the best of reasons for believing that the *Times* is right, and that such folly is really in contemplation.

Nothing could be more harmful to the cause of national honor than the spreading abroad of the idea that Mr. McKinley was insincere when he announced, in his letter of acceptance, that the currency question was the paramount issue in the campaign. We believe that, on the contrary, he was perfectly sincere, and we believe, further, that there is no danger of a restoration of the McKinley tariff during the next four years; while as to tariff reform, the Republicans will not grant it, nor have the Bryanites promised it. It is not in issue. The struggle is really for the maintenance of the nation's integrity and honor against repudiation, communism, and anarchy. The people who will decide the issue believe this, and the politicians cannot change the fact. Hundreds of thousands of Democrats have made up their minds to vote for Mr. McKinley in the belief that he agrees with them in thinking that the absolute and total defeat of the free-coinage movement is essential to the protection of the nation's honor. If the folly of the Republican politicians is consummated, and the tariff is pushed to the front, many of these Democrats will suspect further deception, and will refuse to vote for Mr. McKinley. This will mean thousands of half votes instead of thousands of full votes for the Republican ticket. The sound-money Democrats do not intend to take part in a contest between specialized and generic communism, nor will they vote the Republican ticket if they are once led to think that the politicians of his party will ever be able to induce Mr. McKinley to compromise the nation's honor for tariff benefits to manufacturers.

The votes that would be lost to Mr. McKinley by what we are convinced would be a misrepresentation and misapprehension of him could not be replaced. Every voter who will prefer Mr. McKinley on election day on account of his tariff views has already made up his mind to vote the Republican ticket. Every believer in protection who believes also in the efficacy of free coinage must necessarily prefer Mr. Bryan to Mr. McKinley. The more recent panacea possesses the stronger influence over his mind. Besides, he believes that the benefits of free silver will be immediate and direct, while he knows that the doubtful benefits of protection are remote and indirect. If he ever thinks about it, he must occasionally wonder if protection has ever really been of advantage to him. At any rate, he has taken up free silver because he is fully convinced that cheap money is the most efficacious cure for the ills with which he may fancy himself afflicted. To attempt to turn to Mr. McKinley, then, a man who is a convert to free silver, on the ground that the Republican party will maintain its protective policy, is arrant folly.

Since, then, the proposed change in the plan of campaign will drive off Democratic votes and will not win back free-silver Republicans, why should it be adopted? Are some protected manufacturers asking to be bribed to the support of the nation's honor? If so, Mr. Hanna and his committee would better have nothing to do with them. Anxious as these manufacturers may be to make a bargain, they cannot afford not to do their utmost for the sound-money cause.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

Ex-Senator Eaton of Connecticut has lately emerged from his retirement to observe that he was not sure that he understood what Senator Hill of New York was "up to," but that, if he did understand it, he approved of it. This was a hard saying, which the ex-Senator proceeded to some extent to soften by saying that he supposed that what Mr. Hill had in view was to keep the organization together and not impair its usefulness for future contests.

That does not help matters much. As an example of a united and unterrified Democracy, the Democratic organization in New York is the most remarkable ever witnessed. Senator Hill is certainly the organizer of the existing machinery, and if he has not had control of it since the Chicago convention, who has? Yet what he has wanted it to do the public has not been able to find out, and ex-Senator Eaton, so far as we have observed, is quite his only eulogist. His own retirement has not been so long as that of Senator Eaton, but it is quite as deep. Since the Chicago convention it has no more been possible to extract from him what he thought about politics than before the St. Louis convention it was possible to extract from ex-Speaker Reed what he thought about free coinage of silver at 16 to 1.

But when the convention was over and the campaign began, Mr. Reed let it be known where he stood. His incertitude ceased when Mr. Hill's began. For at the convention there seemed to be no doubt what Mr. Hill meant. He "uttered as brave words at the bridge as you shall see in a summer's day." Upon the spur of the moment he showed up the absurdity, dishonesty, and futility of the platform as completely as they have been shown up since. But when the time came to make his brave words good, he would neither retract them nor act upon them. Even poor Mr. Bryan ceases to be ridiculous and becomes reasonable when he is pointing out the ridiculousness of Mr. Hill's reticence. To be a "leader" in politics and not to tell your followers how to vote, to guard the secret of how you mean to vote yourself as if it were worth money, is as sure a way as could be devised to alienate and disorganize your following.

The present awful muddle of the regular Democracy in New York is a natural result of this muddle in the mind of its leader. It may be that Mr. Eaton's eulogy is so far deserved that Mr. Hill has tried to keep his trusty followers out of mischief and preserve them for future usefulness. He seems to have a kind of attachment for Mr. John Boyd Thacher. He showed it when, rather than allow Mr. Thacher to be led like a sheep to the slaughter of 1894, he allowed himself to be put in his place. His view then was that Mr. Thacher was worth saving. It would be interesting to have his view upon that point now, among others. For though he was once saved from the slaughter, Mr. Thacher, like the "wandering sheep" in the hymn, "would not be controlled," and insisted upon committing suicide at the next opportunity. It may be questioned whether his acceptance of the nomination for Governor upon a silver platform which he rejected, or his subsequent explanation that he was at his "country home" when he was nominated, and did not know what kind of a platform he had been stood on, but thought this a favorable year for making a campaign on State issues, was the more weird performance. But it will not be questioned that the author of either of these performances, and much more of both, can be of no further use in politics to himself or to anybody else.

The Buffalo convention and the subsequent proceedings certainly demonstrate that the Democratic machine is quite helpless without Mr. Hill. But it is the nature and fate of every boss to drive out of his organization every man whose intelligence and self-respect will not allow him to become a subservient tool. When the boss allows those who are left to use their own judgment, it naturally happens that they have no judgment to use. The final choice by the State Committee of candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor from the one corner of the State in which it is reported that "there is some silver sentiment among the farmers" would be better justified if it were not also that part of the State in which the Republican majority is most overwhelming. Even Sheehan, even Sulzer, would have been more formidable than the extensively unknown statesmen who have in fact been nominated. It is true that every Democrat in the State who was fit to be Governor would have fled from a nomination which involved not only defeat but disgrace. But it is also true that the usefulness of a machine of which this is the product is exhausted. It is fortunate that the third party forms the nucleus of a State organization of which the leader may dare to say that his soul is his own during the campaign as well as in the convention.

A SWEATER OF LABOR.

So much has been said, officially and unofficially, on the sweating of labor, and its consequences, that no one is in doubt of its meaning and capacity for mischief. Not only are grave problems of charity and political economy involved, but even more, moral consequences of weight are against the toleration of true sweating. Reports of legislative committees, of charity organizations, of health boards, and of individuals unite in condemning the existence of a system of manufacture which destroys the worker morally and physically, and imposes upon the community the spectacle of human beings housed worse than are the animals, paid less than the cost of living, and deprived of the care bestowed upon slaves.

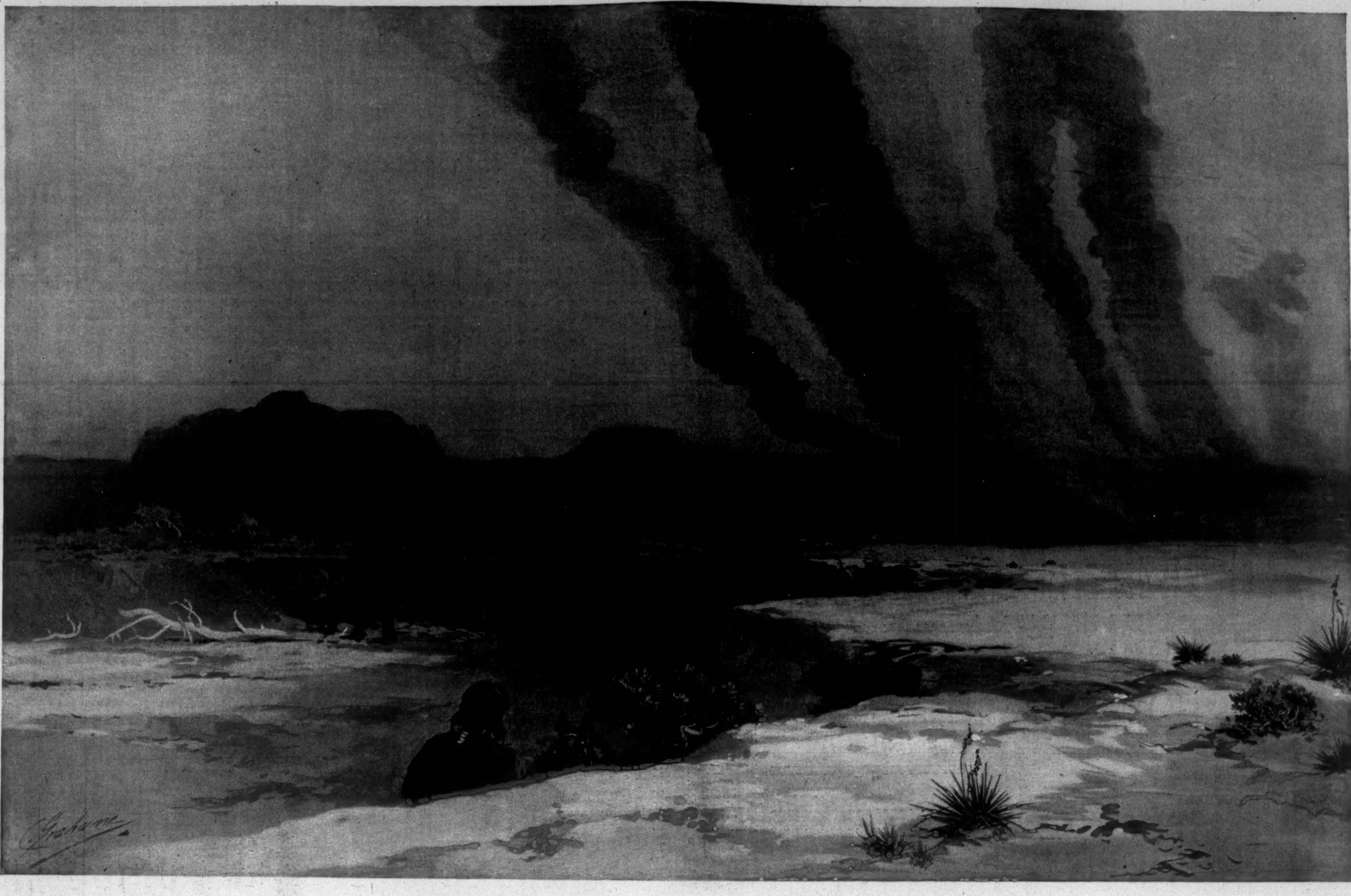
The leading symptom of "sweating" is low wages, usually wages so small as to make the incessant labor of man, woman, and children in a family necessary to obtain the meanest housing and barest subsistence. Whatever tends to reduce wages tends to introduce a lower moral and physical tone in the working-man. He must forego first some of the little luxuries which make his life pleasant; then his comforts are retrenched; and if the fall in wages continue, he must face a reduction in the necessities of food and clothing. With this continual and ever-increasing pressure upon him it is impossible to expect good work, or freedom from anxiety for his future. Fortunately, such a condition has never prevailed in the United States. Periods of depression there have been, and wages have been reduced for short terms. This is what appears to be inseparable from the existing economy of nations. In the revival of industry wages receive their full share of improvement, and no fact is better established than the gradual increase in the wages of skilled and even unskilled labor in the last fifty years. In the United States the working-man has gained in a two-fold sense. His money wage has increased, and the purchasing power of his wages has increased in even greater ratio.

What answer could a reasonable man give to any one who proposed to reduce wages? A point-blank refusal to consider the question, unless it was made necessary by the conditions of trade and industry. Machine production outruns consumption, and the mills are stocked with unsaleable goods. There is at the time no market for this product, and the industry must shut down, or run on short time, or reduce the wages of its workers. Such a reduction would as a rule be ten or fifteen per cent., and even this proportion may lead to a strike. A proposed reduction of twenty per cent. would be regarded as a startling suggestion; while one of twenty-five per cent. would be received in a dangerous frame of mind, as extreme, uncalled-for by any possible change in commerce, and entirely indefensible.

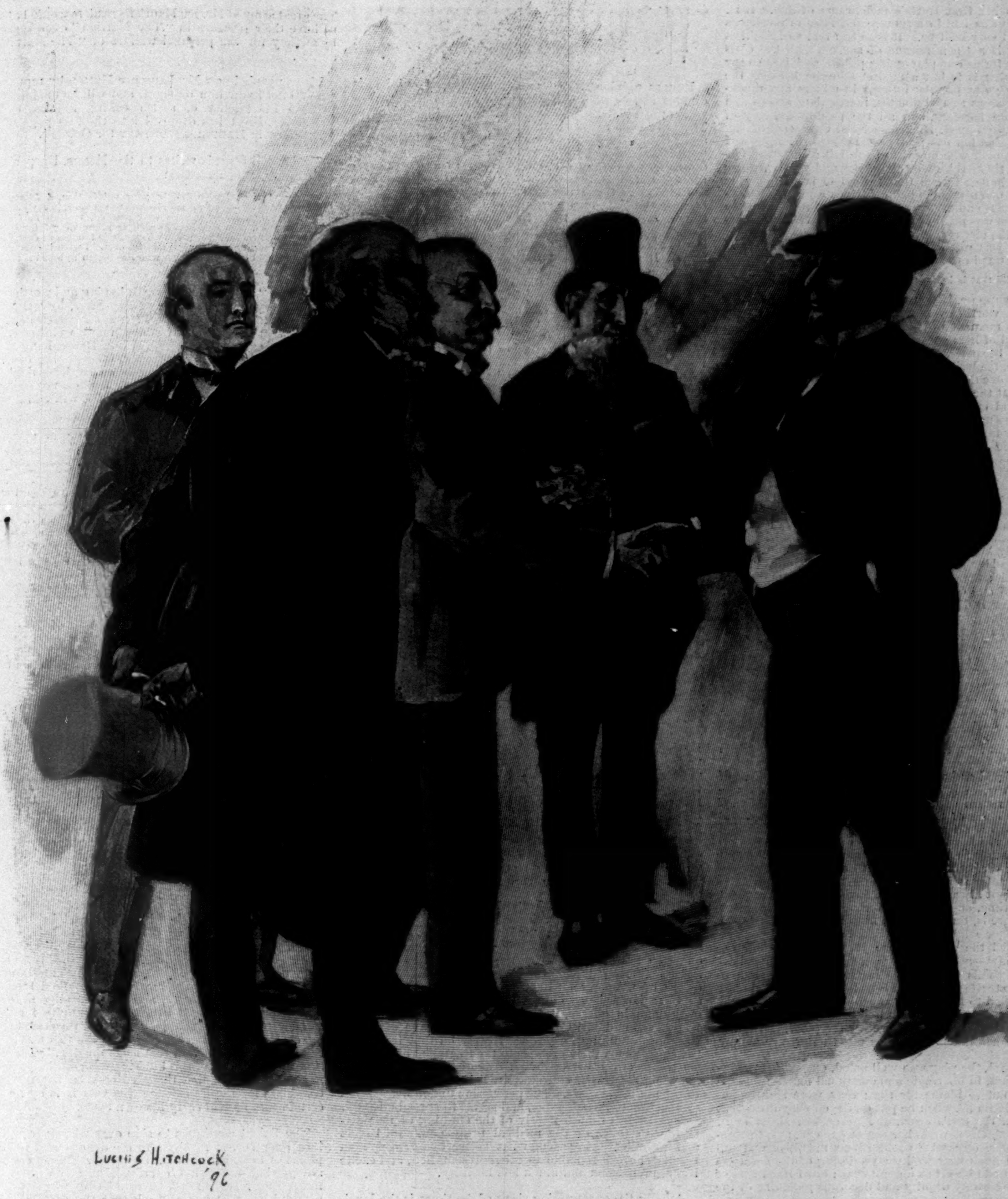
A strike is the usual protest against what the laborer regards as too low wages, but a strike does not follow every reduction in wages. The interests involved are enormous. In the census year 1890 the wages paid in manufacturing industries alone amounted to $2,283,216,529. Yet less than one-fourth of the wage-earning population are engaged in manufactures. In the thirteen years from 1881 to 1894 the loss in wages in strikes and lock-outs amounted to $190,000,000. This sum represented much misery to the laborers involved, and self-denial on the part of those who from sympathy contributed to maintain the strikes. If an average for the period be struck, it will be found that less than one per cent. of the total wages paid had been lost in strikes. Who can measure the suffering entailed in that fraction of one-hundredth?

The comparative infrequency of strikes indicates an intelligent acquiescence of the working-man in a reduction of wages made necessary by trade conditions. Fifteen or twenty per cent. represents, as has been said, a heavy reduction, and yet the protests are few when compared with the magnitude of the interests affected. How, then, can fit words be found to characterize a possible reduction in wages of nearly fifty per cent., and of a certain cut at least of forty per cent.? No such reduction, it is safe to say, has ever been proposed by employer to his men, and the mere suggestion would lead to an outbreak in which public sympathy would be entirely on the side of the men. It seems incredible that men who claim to represent the working-men, and who are appealing to the popular suffrage on that ground, should gravely propose this cut in wages, and be accepted as fit guides for the wage-earners. Mr. Bryan and his associates propose to pay wages in dollars worth only fifty-three cents, and seek to secure success by exciting the passions of men. Class strife, sectional conflict, the employee against the employer, the debtor against the creditor—no opening for difference is left untried. These shepherds of the people pose as friends of the oppressed and the poor, but no autocrat has ever dared to go as far as they desire to go. Wages have been fixed by law, and the law proved of no avail; prices of the necessaries of life have been regulated by law, but trade laughed at the restrictions. But the coin of the realm has been debased, and the whole burden of this dishonesty fell upon the working-man, dependent for his bread upon the daily wage. Certain and inexorable as death, the loss sifts down to him and remains with him. Poisoning every channel of human activity, it cripples his effort to gain what seems to be the right of all, the right to live.

If we are indignant with the man who reduces wages twenty-five per cent., if we feel that sweating labor is an outrage on humanity, and even encourages an appeal to force, there are no words too radical to denounce nor means too forcible to resist a resort to an expedient so cruel and crushing as a halving of wages.



A SAND-STORM OF THE AMERICAN DESERT.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 1010.]



MR. McKINLEY RECEIVING CALLERS AT HIS HOME, IN CANTON, OHIO.—Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

LIFE AND LETTERS

Recently, I have seen two American plays which gave me both pain and pleasure; and I propose to share my emotions quite impartially with the reader.

I.

I never was of those who infer the decline of a man's art, when once he has shown power in it, from the failure of any effort of his. That seems to me the readiest and cheapest criticism, which may well be left to the poor in mind and the lowly in intellect. A man who is truly an artist may fail in many efforts, and yet at any time vindicate himself by success. But I will own, all the same, that it was largely with regret, and almost continuously with disappointment, that I witnessed the performance of Mr. Edward Harrigan's Marty Malone; for it seemed to me that, for the present at least, he had forgotten the things that make his plays charming and remembered mainly the things that make them tiresome.

He is himself, as an actor, always a consolation and a delight. He has temperament; he is so richly sympathetic in any part he takes, that you cannot get enough of it. Certain gestures, certain Celtic movements of his, take the eye with rapture; certain tones of his voice, at once jovial and tender, win the heart; and if there had been nothing else of Marty Malone but Marty, I should have been content to have Marty Malone go on forever. The trouble was that there was so very much more, and that what there was besides was nearly all hard to be borne. I do not mean that it was not well played, for the author's intention seemed very intelligently carried out by the other actors; and there were bewildering moments when the excellence of the representation made one ask one's self whether the play was not justified of the playing. On the level chosen, and out of the material selected, there was a unity in it which could not be denied, and an effect such as all but convinced of art. It did convince of technique, of the stagecraft which the theatre supposes is the whole of drama; but Mr. Harrigan has taught his admirers to expect very much more than this. He has taught them to expect graphic sketches of character, passages of life vividly true and exquisitely satisfying, instants of drama incomparably comic. But so far as I observed, and I observed eagerly and anxiously from my love of Mr. Harrigan's work, these were not present in Marty Malone. The old types were there: the several sorts of Irishmen that Mr. Harrigan and the actors he trains represent so well; the truculent negroes; the baffled German; the ward bosses and heelers; but in the complex and impossible plot that the dramatist had loaded himself up with there was no chance to evoke the comedy that pleases in his slighter designs. The situations that the plot gave rise to were crude; the humor was that which expresses itself in horse-play, in free fighting, and in ground-and-lofty tumbling.

It seems to me that what this artist, so uncommonly gifted, has to learn, is that the plot, as the stage understands it, is purely mischievous for him. Why will not he persuade himself that all he needs, and that all his lovers desire, is the simplest and openest scheme, the merest uninvolved and commonest incident round which his characters can play? In motive and structure, his Cordelia's Aspirations was perfect, and his Dan's Tribulations was nearly so. He has but to take a leaf from his own book, which was a free translation of Nature's, and then we shall all be glad of him again. We are not so rich in actors that we can afford to lose one of our greatest by his errors as a dramatist.

II.

We are not so rich in dramatists that we can well fail to cherish any tolerable effort of the American play-wright; but I hope it is not the sense of our need to economize in this respect that makes me zealous to praise the good in Mr. Bret Harte's melodrama of Sue. It is, indeed, almost as bad in structure and false in motive as a play could very well be. It is so bad and so false that I wonder it is not a hurricane of success with the class that mainly forms our play-going public, and I can only conjecture that it is but a modest triumph because the hour of the great popular interest in miners and ranchmen, desperadoes and vigilantes, inarticulate heroes and overarticulate heroines, and all the pseudo-savagery of the cockney-syntaxed, Dickens-colored California of Mr. Harte's imagination has pretty well passed. I suppose I am the last man who ought to have felt a lingering fascination in these things on the stage, and yet Mr. Harte had so manipulated them that I did feel it. I felt it in spite of the bad art which had contrived a play fully one-half soliloquies and asides, and of the ideal to which such a wife as Sue was possible either before or after her elopement with the circus acrobat.

The play was put down on the bills as romantic, and romantic it was in the most deplorable sense—

> "For a lie that is half a truth is ever the worst of lies."

You are to suppose, if you please, that a young girl with an entirely worthless father marries a shy and silent farmer in a moment of generous impulse, and that then this husband of hers goes sorrowing round the solitude of their home because she does not speak *so* or look *so* at him (that is, tenderly), and comes to bully her in his fond despair, till one day the acrobat, escaping from a hanging committee at the nearest camp, takes refuge at the ranch. Her husband is away, and Sue, pining for excitement, hides the refugee in the hay-loft and his image in her heart. Her husband returns with the sheriff and his deputy, who are looking for the acrobat, and Sue lets the sheriff make love to her until her husband is mad with jealousy and the sheriff is drunk with the whiskey she gives him. He gets up for a drink in the night; the husband supposes it is to run away with his wife; the acrobat, who has already appointed to do this, believes that the sheriff has risen to prevent their flight; the husband and the acrobat fire upon the sheriff at the same instant, and virtually kill him. But it is only for the time. The sheriff is dead long enough for his deputy to come out and find him slain; then he gathers himself up and makes off in pursuit of one of his murderers. This is the acrobat, who has now fled with Sue, leaving his spangled tights behind him for purposes of identification. When, after a lapse of three years, he is brought to justice before the vigilantes, Sue's husband appears just in time to save him by claiming the homicide for his own. Then Sue herself seasonably appears, and declares that her husband's gun was loaded with powder only; in taking a lesson from him in the art of loading a gun, she had forgotten to put the shot in. The acrobat is found not guilty on condition that he will give an exhibition of his skill by jumping from the window into a tree below it, and then to the ground from the limb he was to have been hanged upon.

The husband and wife were trembling to the verge of forgiveness when it came time for my train, and I was spared the return of the sheriff to bless their reunion, if that is the close of the piece, as seems very likely. It would have been a good deal to bear, and yet I should willingly have borne it for the sake of more of those touches of human nature, of gay, unmoralized humor, and of amusing caricature incidental to the preposterous action. Character it is not, but caricature it is, and of the best kind, as it always is in Mr. Harte's work; it charmed me at the time, and it makes me wish to see the piece again. There is, for instance, a most precious moment in the trial scene when Sue's husband insists, against her, that he killed the sheriff. The jury all draw their revolvers on him—not for killing a man, but for contradicting a lady. This whole scene in fact is precious, and if the repentant wife could have been kept out of it, I should have been glad to have it last much longer. If we could take it like something as far out of nature as a comic opera, I should have only praise for the piece, but many passages of sentimentality as serious as they are sloppy forbid this.

Throughout, the play was well acted, except for the injured husband in his tragic and emotional moods; but the actor was not to blame for that; they were simply impossible. Even he, when he put on the cowboy dress that was to win the girl's heart, and peacocked about in it, watching the effect upon her out of one eye, rose to mastery in a part otherwise prohibitively mawkish and unnatural. I liked very well the rendering of the acrobat's fine conceit of himself as a gentleman; but I liked best of all the bloodthirsty dignity and decorous gallantry of the judge at the trial.

The character of Sue was handled by Miss Annie Russell with the subtle insight and the beautiful art which have given her a unique reputation. She was even in its most artificial phases simple and natural, and where she was suffered the smallest chance for truth she made it tell to the utmost. I had the advantage of sitting near two ladies, an old wife and a young wife, who were strangers to each other, but made friends in their opinions of the play, which I helplessly and I hope innocently eavesdropped. "What a silly play!" they exclaimed. "What a silly, silly play!" and they said this again and again. Then at some of those touches of reality into which the author betrayed himself, and which Miss Russell made so much of, they caught their breath, but kept saying, as women do, protestingly, when they will not own the truth, "Silly, oh, silly!"

I think too it was silly in all that it pretended could happen; but in the way that it suffered the collective impossibilities severally to happen, it was mostly wise enough. Its wisdom was mostly the wisdom of the serpent perhaps; and perhaps it was because it corrupted me that I recall it with pleasure, and would, as I have said, willingly see it again. W. D. Howells.

DESPONDENCY.

"There are lots of good fish in the sea,"
Are as true words as ever were spoken;
But it's small consolation to me
If my lines and my nets are all broken.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Public opinion, which means newspaper opinion, is divided as to both the facts and ethics of the treatment which the Yale students gave Mr. Bryan at New Haven. The facts seem to be that Yale flocked to see Mr. Bryan, and yelled so copiously for McKinley and applauded so vociferously at short intervals that the speaker found it difficult to unbosom himself as freely as he desired, although as it was he talked to the extent of a column of the *Journal*. Some newspapers have been scandalized because the Yale men were not quieter; others feel that it was creditable to their forbearance that Mr. Bryan got away alive, and that if he did not hold their attention it was his own fault and due to defects in his communications. It may be observed that when Senator Tillman was hooted off the platform the other day at the Berks County, Pennsylvania, fair at Reading, by a crowd that was angered by his ranting, it was held to be rather a cheering sign; but Bryan is not so abusive as Tillman, and is entitled to better usage. It is a pity, too, that everything he had to say in the East should not have been fully heard, so that the futility of his doctrines might be more fully appreciated.

Perhaps the Yale men would have heard Bryan more patiently if they had remembered that he and his speeches have been pretty much all there has been to the silver campaign in the East. There has been no other free-coinage orator who has excited even so much as curiosity, except, perhaps, Mr. George Fred Williams, of Massachusetts. Mr. Williams's efforts have been so much appreciated at home that the Young Men's Democratic Club of Boston has issued in campaign-pamphlet form the record of "A Joint Debate upon the Free Coinage of Silver between George Fred Williams, M. C. of the 52d Congress, and Mr. G. F. Williams, the Free-Silver Candidate for Governor of Massachusetts." No one can read this pamphlet without being impressed by the thorough knowledge Mr. Williams shows of the subject under discussion.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis complains, in a letter to the *Critic*, that he is the victim of fertile and unscrupulous story-tellers, who frequently print tales about him which are adapted to give readers the impression that he is an ass. Mr. Davis does not find it necessary to assert that he possesses common-sense, but he does aver that these stories which give a contrary impression are malicious lies, invented by he does not know whom, from motives which he is at loss to fathom. One story, which represents him to have said that he wishes to forget that he ever was a reporter, he specifically denies with pardonable warmth. It is a yarn which no one who knows Mr. Davis would credit for a moment. To be lied about is vexatious, yet it is a species of vexation that has its compensations, for no one takes the trouble to print fibs about the unsuccessful or obscure. If people should cease to be interested in what Mr. Davis wrote, libels written about him would very promptly cease to find a market. Here, just for a change, is a true story about him: When he met the Viceroy Li at St. Petersburg, and was asked how old and how rich he was, and what he did, he replied, "I write books." "Why do you write?" said Li. "Are you not strong enough to work?"

The Rev. R. Heber Newton's old church in West Forty-seventh Street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, which was bought last spring by Christian Scientists, has been newly fitted, furnished, and decorated, and was opened on September 27, as the First Church of Christ, Scientist. As it stands the church represents an expenditure of more than $100,000, and starts free of debt, as Christian Science churches usually do. Instead of a clergyman in charge, it has two readers, Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson and Mr. Carroll Norton, who have offices in the church building, where they carry on that branch of their profession which relates to the treatment of the sick. There are two other Christian Scientist congregations in New York, and new churches are being opened from time to time in other cities. The persuasion undoubtedly gives satisfaction to its adherents, and seems to spread steadily. One hears less than formerly of the clashing of its practices with those of the medical profession. Its beliefs and practice, being somewhat better understood than formerly, are less liable to misrepresentation, and excite less apprehension and much less hostility.

Among the encouraging signs of the times is the development of a watermelon in a Peckham (Nebraska) garden patch which is bright yellow outside and looks like a pumpkin, but within is pink and juicy. The augurs interpret this phenomenon to betoken the triumph of gold in Nebraska. Another sign is the recent marriage of Mr. W. C. Whitney. It is felt that so prudent a citizen as Mr. Whitney would not have embarked in so considerable a speculation as matrimony a month before election unless he had been able to satisfy himself that Bryan will be beaten, and that no repudiation of contracts or obligations is in sight.

The invasion of New York by John Wanamaker is an occurrence approaching the dimensions of an event. Mr. Wanamaker, without waiting to see how the election will go, or whether people will continue to wear clothing if Bryan wins, has bought the entire outfit of Hilton, Hughes, & Company, and will hang out his sign over the old Stewart store at Tenth Street, and open for business in time for the holiday trade. Among the immediate good results of this transaction are the re-employment of Hilton, Hughes, & Company's clerks and the prompt payment of the debts of that concern. With a Wanamaker's in New York there will seem to be no further reason why the Philadelphia people should be put to the inconvenience of doing any of their shopping at home.

According to a London despatch dated September 29, Mr. George du Maurier was sick abed on that day "with a serious affection of the heart and lungs." Mr. Du Maurier will please be careful of himself. The opening instalment of "The Martian" in Harper's Monthly makes him once more the companion of a million readers, whose pleasure in his company for a year to come promises to be quite as acute as it has ever been in years past. The great army of Mr. Du Maurier's readers would be loath to have their pleasure in "The Martian" overshadowed by anxiety for the personal welfare of "The Martian's" author.

Many people know Mr. Laurence Hutton by reputation who do not know him by sight, and will be unable to appreciate the fidelity of that speaking likeness of him which Mr. Frost has dropped into the first page of the "Drawer" in Harper's Monthly for October.

Mr. Russell Sturgis writes to the Messrs. Harper from Manchester, Massachusetts:

> "I have just read with delight your publication, *A Story of the Heavenly Camp-Fires*. I do not hesitate to say that, in my judgment, it is the best picture of Heaven ever painted, written in beautiful classic English, with delicious as well as grand descriptions of nature, vivid and true portraiture, with exquisite touches of deep pathos, and withal thoroughly practical and Biblical. I wish it could be put into the hands of every Christian who has begun to love his heavenly home."

That is an "appreciation" worth having and worth printing. *A Story of the Heavenly Camp-Fires*, by "One with a New Name," resembles Mr. Bangs's *House-Boat on the Styx* in that the author introduces many well-known historical personages—Cromwell, Milton, Dante, King Alfred, Gustavus Adolphus, Bunyan, and others—who discourse in a devoutly philosophical strain on subjects that interested them on earth. The author's name is not disclosed. Mr. Sturgis's warm commendation of it will call it to the notice of many readers.

Commissioner Roosevelt and other high authorities of the police force are sceptical of the accuracy of Mr. Stephen Crane's observation in the case of that young woman who he thought had been wrongfully arrested. All the reports of the case give the reader the impression that a tendency to light conduct actually existed in the young woman, and that the only question was whether the policemen had observed this tendency at one of the moments of its acute development or not. Of course the existence of the tendency, which is practically admitted, is a point in favor of the force, and one which the Commissioner is not the man to suffer to be overlooked. He has expressed a wish for further testimony from Mr. Crane.

Lieutenant Lang, the recent graduate of West Point who married the daughter of a non-commissioned officer on the day of his graduation, has found army life uncomfortable, and after being on sick leave for some months, has applied to be retired, but has been refused. It is an unwritten law of the service that the commissioned officers shall not connect themselves by marriage with the non-commissioned families while both continue in the service. The law in some respects offends democratic sentiments, but as an army by-law it has definite and recognized merits. It is thoroughly established, is never violated ignorantly, and the most salubrious course for an officer who chooses to ignore it is to resign. Lieutenant Lang does not wish to resign, but prefers to be retired on three-quarters pay. At last accounts he had been ordered to report for duty at Fort Warren, near Boston, and it is stated that his father-in-law, Sergeant Kenkel, had been ordered to the same post. That seems like rubbing it in, but it is a case in which generous-minded civilians should be slow to pass judgment unless they have informed themselves very thoroughly as to the points of the situation.

Friday, October 23, has been set apart by the school officials of Nebraska as Library day, to be devoted by school-teachers and children to the establishment of libraries in every school-house. The proposal is that funds shall be raised annually on this day by entertainments, donations, subscriptions, or whatever method seems best adapted to each locality, and that libraries shall so be started and maintained in every community for the use and education of the people. "Let your programme," says the circular, "awaken the people to the fact that it is the educated head and hand that leads the day." The expression of sentiments of this kind in Nebraska helps to make it comprehensible that though Nebraska has furnished a candidate for the Presidency this year it is by no means certain that he will carry his own State.

The Solent continues to slop over whenever an American liner rushes through, to the disgust and loud complaint of folks who live on its shores. These complaints are getting somewhat overfamiliar, and a good many newspaper readers must be wondering whether there is sound basis to them, and whether the demand that the American boats shall slow up is reasonable or not. The Solent, as some people may not remember, is the western part of the strait between the Isle of Wight and the mainland of England, near Southampton. Cowes is on the margin of it, and if, as a member of the Cowes district council has averred, the wave from an American steamer recently swept over the Cowes parade-ground and deluged the ground-floor of the hotel, Cowes must be a sloppy town on steamer days.

The calling of a college professor has certain enviable incidents, like its long summer vacation, which make it especially attractive to persons in other lines of endeavor; but it has its drawbacks too, especially, it would appear, when it necessitates residence in or near New York. Seldom have these latter considerations been more passionately set forth than by Mr. E. H. Babbitt, of Columbia, who, in a letter to the *Evening Post* deprecating the suggestion of the establishment of a professorship of Dutch in Columbia University, exclaims:

> "I wish every rich man who has any idea of using his means towards the furtherance of higher education would try to put himself in the place of one of the hundreds of high-spirited, self-sacrificing men who are living in undesirable neighborhoods, wearing out their old clothes, and going without the books they want, and whose wives are trimming over their old bonnets, buying cheap cuts of meat, and giving up pleasant social opportunities because their domestic duties require all their time and strength. When these men are paid what they earn, it will be quite soon enough to found ornamental chairs."

What Columbia seems to need is either more millionaire professors, or else perhaps a set of professors' quarters, where high-spirited, self-sacrificing men can find pleasant and suitable homes at such moderate rentals that their wives can have at least two new hats a year. It is proper enough that professors should wear old clothes and set a useful example of frugality to the community, but pretty bonnets are just as becoming to professors' wives as to other women, and they ought to have them.

E. S. Martin.

LONDON.

When a man has passed the age of eighty, it is hard to resist saying that every speech he delivers is the best he has ever made. Mr. Gladstone's speech at Liverpool on the Armenian massacres will certainly not rank among his finest efforts. All that can honestly be said of it is that it was a marvellous performance for a man of his age; that if it showed some signs of a loosening grasp on the actual facts of the situation, and had but an imperfect application to the subject under discussion, it was, at any rate, full of the old moral fire, as earnest and passionate as ever. The unspeakable Turk has always had a dangerous fascination for Mr. Gladstone. It was the Bulgarian atrocities of twenty years ago that drew him from his temporary retirement, and made him throw aside polemics and criticism and forget Homer and the Pope, to place himself at the head of the agitation against Turkey. And now once again he has forsaken his quiet study of Butler, and the pleasant restfulness of Hawarden, to denounce the crimes of Turkey, and the policy which would support Turkey, with all the impassioned energy of his youth. I doubt whether his speech will have any practical outcome. It brought to light no new facts—no one supposed that it would; and the only suggestions it contained are such as have been laid before the country and discussed in the cabinet a hundred times already. What it did was to tell the old story as no one else in England could tell it. People, in fact, did not listen to Mr. Gladstone's speech; they listened to Mr. Gladstone. It was something like Mrs. Siddons asking for the mustard in her deepest tragedy tones. Even if Mr. Gladstone had the strength to endure a succession of such speeches, the excitement would not be of long duration. The reaction would have to come. Sound politics may not be able to exist without sound morals, but England has not often acted on the theory. Put the public conscience of England in one scale and the public interests of England in the other, and it soon becomes evident that mere sympathy and sensibility cannot long prevail in the English mind against the deep-rooted traditional distrust of Russian ambition.

A good deal can be forgiven to an English editor at his wits' end for "copy" in the silly season; but when he reaches the point of manufacturing dynamite conspiracies by the yard he ought to be suppressed as a nuisance. Now that the agitation has subsided, and Englishmen are beginning to see facts in the clear daylight, it is possible to find out how the matter stands. In all, four men were arrested—two in Rotterdam, one in Boulogne, and one in Glasgow. They were Irish-Americans, and their departure from New York and destination were promptly cabled to Scotland Yard. That they were all four in communication with one another seems proved, and it is equally certain that the two men arrested in Holland had lived at Antwerp in a house filled with the usual appliances for the manufacture of dynamite. Three of them seem to have been of the ordinary style of Fenian agitator—swaggering, drunken blackguards. The fourth man is said to be P. J. Tynan. There is a good deal of uncertainty on this point, and there is still greater doubt as to whether P. J. Tynan—whoever he may be—was the real "No. 1" of the Phœnix Park murders. The blowing up of Marlborough House was the most harmless of the plans with which Tynan, Kearney, Haines, and Bell were credited. The London press would have it that they aimed at nothing less than the lives of the Queen and the Czar. That, of course, was the sheerest nonsense, but one ought not to forget that England has known what it is to have the dynamitards in her midst, and has learnt to put no limit to their possible crimes. It seems improbable that an active "demonstration" had been determined on. At any rate, nothing has yet come out to definitely prove it. Indeed, the whole business, above all other points, ought to assure Englishmen of the excellence of the Scotland Yard spy service, and the comparative security it affords them against unexpected attacks.

S. B.

PARIS.

From recent accounts it would appear that the Italian prisoners of Menelek are not all treated with equal consideration by their captors. The Abyssinians are a practical people, and are kind only to those of whom they can make some good use. The tailors, saddle-makers, shoemakers, etc., to be found amongst them have more or less a happy time of it, but the hair-dressers have a great success, and the Abyssinian ladies struggle as to who shall secure to herself the services of the most skilful. Others who can paint and decorate the houses are much sought after, but the happiest of all the prisoners is a photographer, who, having found a camera at Addis-Ababba, passes his days photographing the court ladies and magnates of the land, and in laying up a small fortune for himself against the day of his release.

The Spanish authorities have ordered a strict watch to be kept along the French frontier of Spain, in order to intercept the great number of young Spaniards who take refuge in France to escape being sent to Cuba. All the trains that cross the frontier are visited, and every young man submitted to a rigorous examination, and obliged to furnish papers establishing his identity. Guards are also stationed all along the frontier-line to prevent desertion from other parts; but notwithstanding these efforts, a large number succeed daily in effecting their escape. Many of these deserters assert that were all their companions subjected to a like duty, they would willingly take their chance with the rest; but as their richer comrades can escape the Cuban campaign by paying 1500 francs ($300) for a substitute, they see no reason why they should be sent to death, while others, blessed with a larger share of this world's goods, remain happily at home. Whatever the reason, the number of desertions is daily on the increase.

F. F.

CHICAGO.

For some weeks past, a small body of enthusiasts upon the subject of aerial navigation have occupied a sort of camp on the southern shore of Lake Michigan, about thirty-five miles from Chicago. They are not enthusiasts of the wild-eyed Darius Green type, but men of scientific training and high standing among mechanical engineers, working upon the general lines of Maxim, Langley, and Lilienthal. Mr. Octave Chanute and Mr. William Paul are the presiding geniuses of this scientific camp, and their machine has been called the Albatross. Its essential parts are a boat frame, a system of keels, a tail, a rudder, and two vast wings forty feet in length. The weight is about two hundred pounds, and there is a total sail surface of 266 square feet. With a good wind, the lifting-power is estimated at 350 pounds. The camp is well situated for experiments in aviation, being out of reach of the curious sight-seer, and situated near a beach, from which numerous sand dunes rise to a considerable height. Upon one of these dunes an inclined trestle has been erected, from the top of which, about ninety feet above the lake-level, the machine takes flight. A fifteen-mile north wind is needed for the experiment, and the conditions have thus far been favorable but two or three times. Only a slight measure of success has yet been attained, and an attempted flight on the 26th of September came to grief owing to a capricious change of the wind at a critical moment. The Albatross was so damaged upon this occasion that experiments with it are probably ended for the present season, but the inventors have, on the whole, considerable reason for encouragement in what has already been accomplished. They have learned a good deal about balancing, and made one successful flight of a hundred feet, the machine settling quietly to the ground. On the day of the accident to the Albatross, another device, in the form of an aeroplane, made with one of the experimenters a flight of 489 feet, which is said to be twice as far as Lilienthal ever succeeded in coasting through the air.

The official announcements of the Chicago Orchestra are just out, and offer many attractions to lovers of music. There will be, as last year, twenty-two concerts, on Saturday evenings, each of them preceded by a public rehearsal the Friday afternoon before. The orchestra will number from eighty-four to ninety-five men, and will have as an auxiliary the new special chorus now being organized by Mr. Arthur Mees. The works underlined for production include an unusual number of novelties, introducing such unfamiliar names as Henri Berény, Henri Dupac, A. Glazounow, N. Rimsky-Korsakow, G. Martucci, and Julius Röntgen. No less than thirty-six compositions by these men and others are already set down for their first Chicago, and in most cases presumably for their first American, performances. It is always a delicate question to decide upon the extent to which new music should enter into a series of concert programmes planned for public educational purposes. The new men are entitled to a hearing undoubtedly, yet their audience should be one pretty thoroughly acquainted with the old masters. It argues a good deal of confidence on the part of Mr. Thomas in the receptive and appreciative capacities of his hearers that he should think it best to spread so much strange fare before them. But he is probably justified by the fact that he is now entering upon his sixth Chicago season.

The Chicago headquarters of the silver party attract the attention of passers-by with a sign-board bearing a very tactful legend. Instead of "Bryan and Sewall" or "Bryan and Watson," as one might expect to read, the lettering invites the perplexed to vote for "Bryan and Humanity, 16 to 1." The ratio is about right; there are at least sixteen parts of Bryan to one of humanity in the whole silver agitation.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

The recent Democratic Convention in Boston gave rise to such confusion as has not been witnessed in the party since the days of General Butler. There were, in fact, three conventions, held in three separate halls, to say nothing of a crowd of delegates in the street, who were addressed by Mr. George Fred Williams from the box-seat of a hack. The trouble began on the night preceding the day fixed for the convention, when the silver men, acting on the advice of Mr. Williams, "held over" in Music Hall, the appointed place, fearing that they would be refused admission by the gold men on the following day. One tragic incident of the night was the death of a delegate, who, while endeavoring to enter the hall by means of a fire-escape, grasped an electric wire, and fell dead to the ground, some distance below. The gold men, assisted by the owner of the hall, prevented any delegate who left it from re-entering; but toward morning a good supply of sandwiches and coffee was smuggled in, and, thus fortified, the Williams men held their ground. The gold men, who controlled the party organization, changed the place of meeting to Faneuil Hall, but they were defeated there, and Mr. Williams was nominated for Governor. The rank and file of the people are with him, but among his adherents there is hardly a single man of distinguished character or ability.

The Epworth League, which is a sort of Christian Endeavor Society, confined to the Methodist denomination, held its annual convention last week in Providence, Rhode Island. The league has the enormous membership of one million three hundred and fifty thousand. The chief topic of discussion at the present convention is described in the programme as "Up-to-date Christianity," and its consideration is to be followed by an address on "Intellectual Culture." The collocation of these phrases is suggestive. If "intellectual culture" were more commonly diffused among the members of the league they would probably forego the use of such vulgar and irreverent expressions as "Up-to-date Christianity."

It transpires that the brief for the Venezuelan government, to be laid before the Venezuelan Boundary Commission at Washington, was prepared by James J. Storrow, Esq., of Boston. Mr. Storrow has been the chief counsel for the Bell Telephone Company from its organization, and he has steered that company, with great skill and judgment, through the various legal difficulties and dangers which have beset its course.

Mr. Bryan's short visit to New England seems to have had a very good effect upon his character and habits. He had scarcely crossed the boundary-line between New York and Connecticut when he put himself in the hands of a barber and had his long locks reduced to a classic shortness. It was observed that by the time his train reached Boston he had discarded his accustomed wide-skirted frock-coat, replacing it with a jaunty garment described as a "cut-away." At Dedham, the home of his friend Williams, he actually made a joke, the first of his campaign, telling his audience that their town ought to be called, "not Dedham, but Liveham," and his speeches in Maine and New Hampshire were moderate in tone and statement. Perhaps after the election is over, and Mr. Bryan has been cooled by defeat, he will settle in New England and become a useful member of society. Just as the West is ultra-radical, so is the East ultra-conservative, and a considerable interchange of residents between the two sections would be beneficial to each of them.

H. C. M.

NEW ORLEANS.

It seems strange that at this late day the United States should have determined that the proper location for the defence of New Orleans and the Mississippi Valley is just where Bienville suggested two hundred years ago. The United States, and afterwards the Confederate States, spent large sums of money on Forts Jackson and St. Philip, nearly a hundred miles below New Orleans, and near the mouths of the Mississippi. These were "the forts" which Farragut passed with such ease. Major Quinn, in charge of the Engineer's Department here, protests against any more forts in the swamp. He recommends English Turn, only a comparatively short distance from New Orleans, as the best point of defence. It was here that in 1699 the French met and turned back the English, who had come with a powerful fleet to take possession of the Mississippi and to occupy and colonize the adjacent territory. Bienville, who had not then built New Orleans, saw in this bend the best point of defence against an invading enemy. Major Quinn decides to-day that Bienville was right, and that the engineers who from 1803 to 1896 have favored the forts below and near the mouth of the river were wrong.

Captain Gaudillon, of the steamer *Carolina*, of the French line, the "Chargeurs Réunis," made a discovery the other day which may save the steamship lines of New Orleans some millions of dollars. The losses from cotton fires on the wharves, and on steamships *en route* to Europe, have been so heavy of late years as to call for protests from the English Lloyds, who recently presented to the Secretary of State, through Mr. Bayard, a formal complaint against the American mode of packing and baling cotton as dangerous and tending to cause fires. Last year the losses of cotton on the wharf in New Orleans went well over a million dollars. Several of these fires were attributed to the striking laborers, who, on their part, claimed that they were due to spontaneous combustion; but in spite of all precautions, and the prohibition of any smoking on the part of the men engaged in loading cotton-vessels, these sudden and altogether inexplicable fires have continued. Captain Gaudillon's discovery of a nest of "wharf rats" under the wharves, where the young loafers resort for a cigarette, explains the mystery. The wharf-rat nuisance was very bad twenty years ago, and was then broken up; and it was thought that with the present careful police supervision of the wharves these "nests" were impossible, but it seems that by an ingenious system of trap-doors a nest had been built immediately under the cotton awaiting shipment on the *Carolina*, which the police could not possibly find without a clew. A careful search has disclosed a half-dozen other nests fitted up for gambling and smoking purposes, and like powder-magazines among so combustible a material as cotton. The rats have been run out, and as a consequence the chances are that we will have no more British complaints against American cotton.

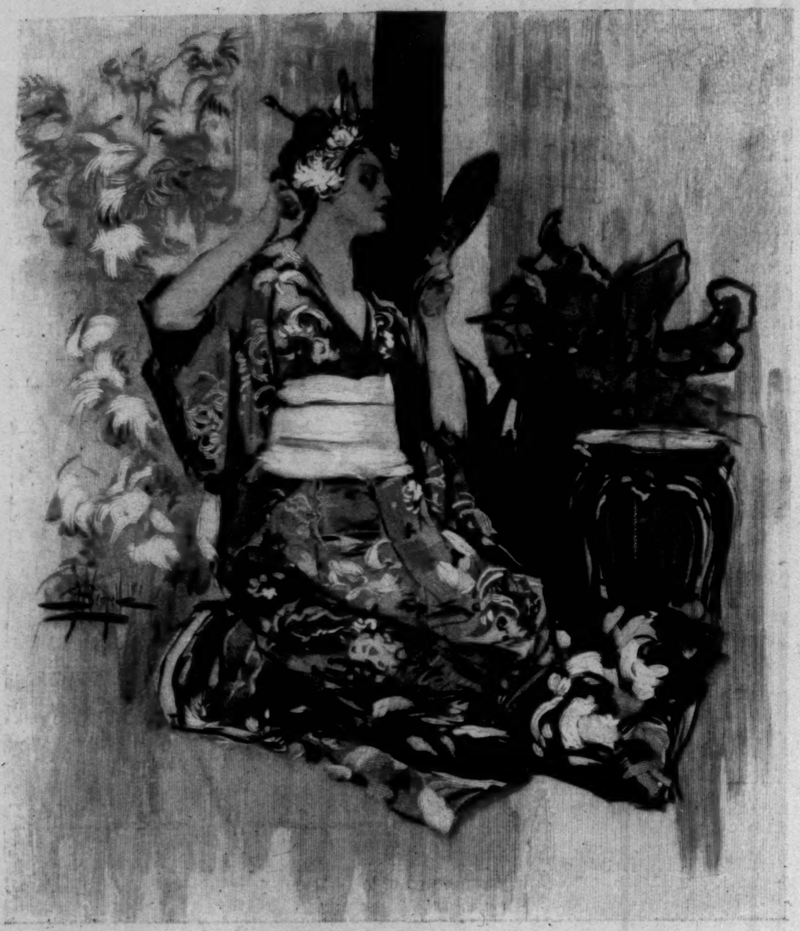
N. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

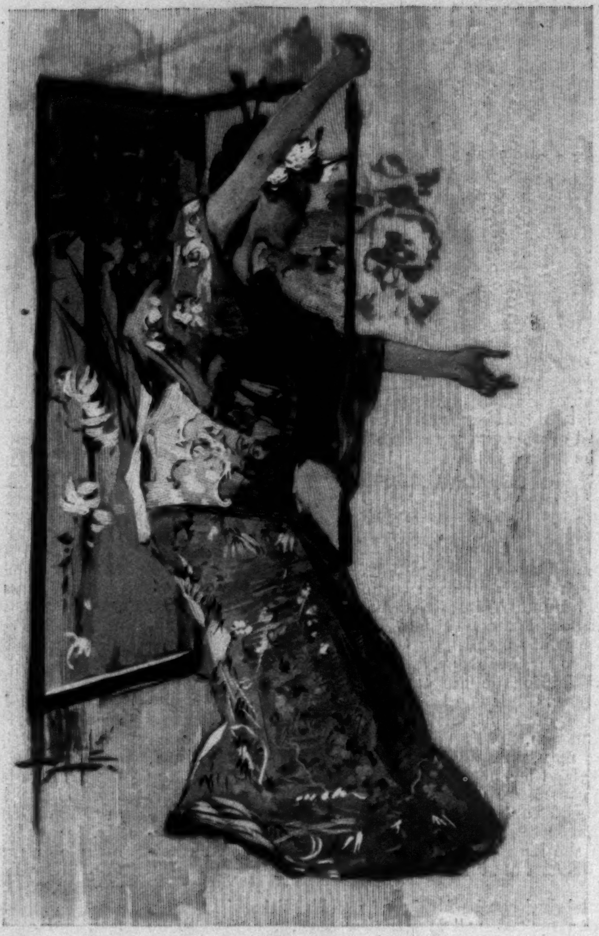
The popular idea of Alaska is that it is ice-bound during nine months in the year, and that only the miner and the fisherman are attracted to it. F. E. Bowers, one of the returned California prospectors who had poor luck, describes the Cook Inlet country as a grass region as good for cattle and sheep as Montana. He says that he saw thousands of acres of meadow covered with red-top grass as high as his head, and these river meadows are so level that a mowing-machine could be run all over them. The climate he found no severer than that of Idaho or Montana, where cattle run on the range all winter. At Kudink Island he found horses and cattle which had fattened on the rich grasses. What he saw led Mr. Bowers to predict that a few years would see southern Alaska one of the great live-stock districts in this country, thus aiding to make true that glowing picture of the manifest destiny of the great northern territory which Seward painted over thirty years ago.

The study of municipal government is the hobby of James D. Phelan, a young millionaire, who has been nominated by the Democrats for Mayor of San Francisco. Mr. Phelan was one of the most active members of the California Commission of the World's Fair at Chicago, and he had charge of the erection of the Spanish-Californian building which attracted so much attention. In San Francisco he has acted with those who have worked for good government. He was prominent in securing the downfall of blind Boss Buckley and in establishing the Australian ballot. For years he has made a careful study of municipal government, and he promises, should he be elected, to reform many of the abuses from which San Francisco now suffers. Whether as Mayor he could make any head against the ward politicians, who now carry on the city government for the benefit of themselves and their followers, is very uncertain. San Francisco spends more for less returns than any other large city in the country; its ordinances are badly enforced, its streets ill swept, its pavements obsolete and out of repair, its sidewalks encroached upon by builders, and infested with peddlers and blind or paralytic beggars. The taint of "practical politics" is found in every department, and it does not spare the public schools or charitable associations. It will be a great day for San Francisco when it secures men like Roosevelt and Waring to cast out the political bummers, and to fill their places with honest, conscientious, and capable men.

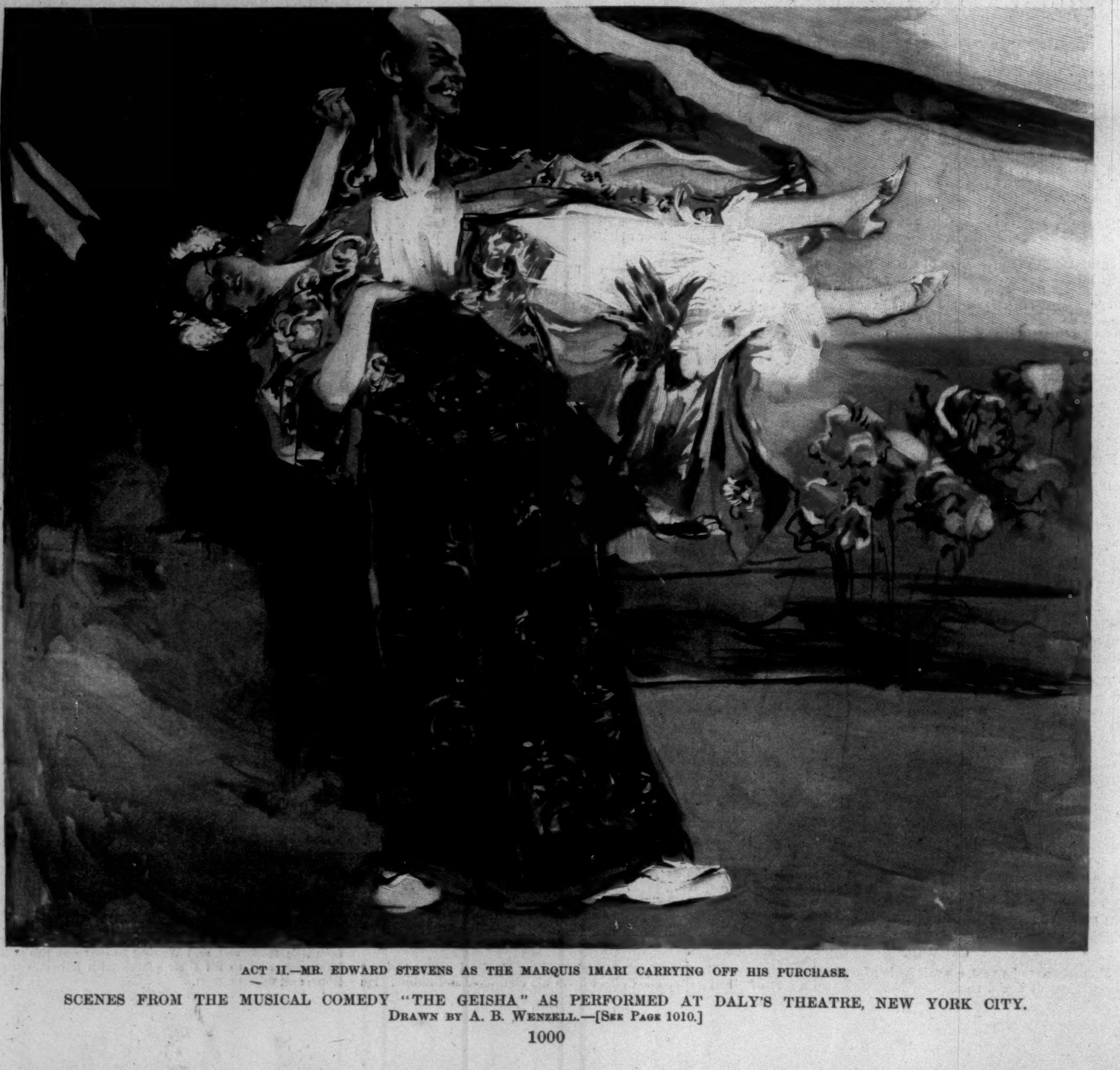
G. H. F.



ACT I.—MISS DOROTHY MORTON AS THE GEISHA O MIMOSA SAN.



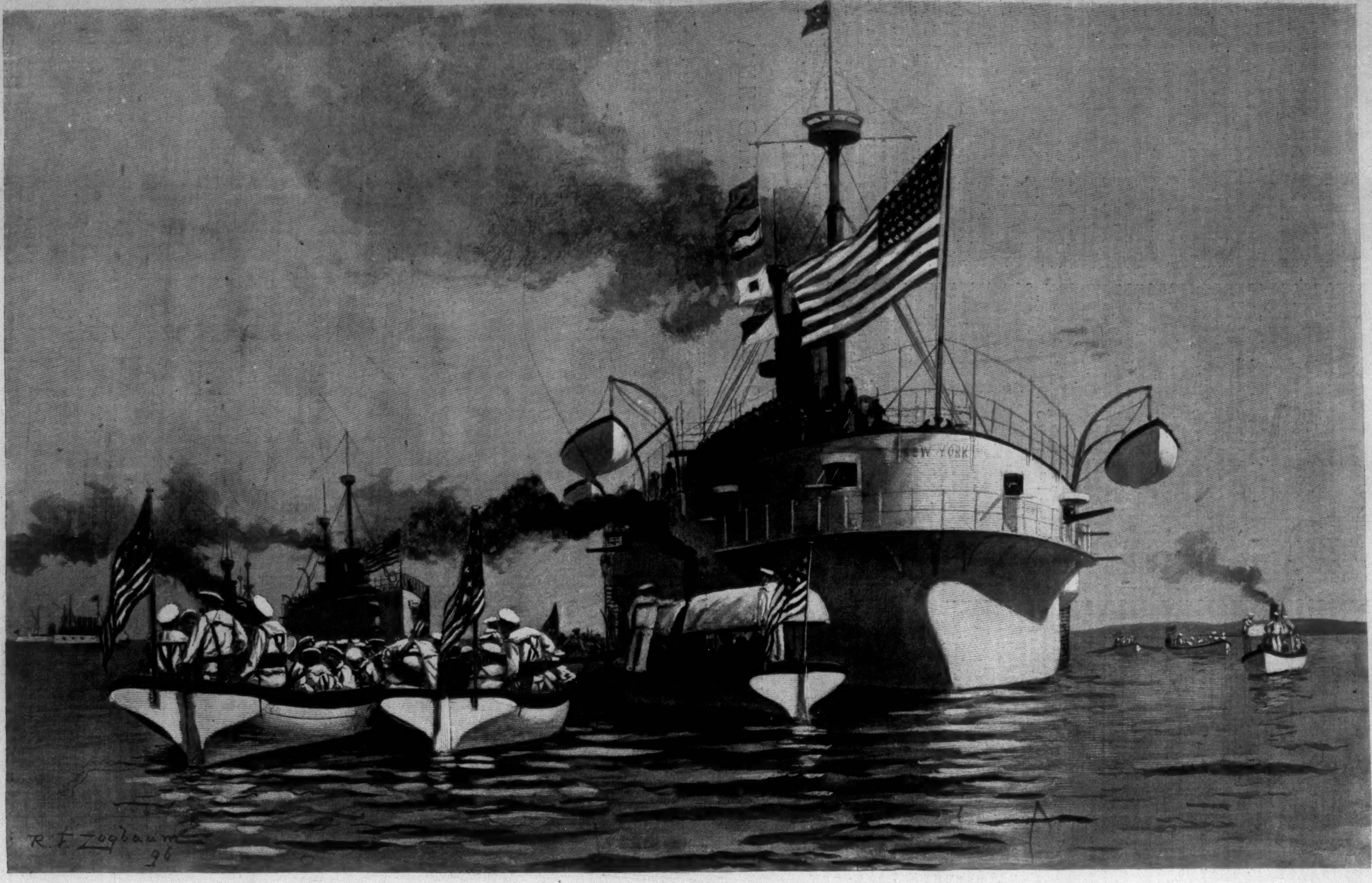
ACT I.—MISS VIOLET LLOYD AS MISS MOLLY SEAMORE DISGUISED AS A GEISHA.



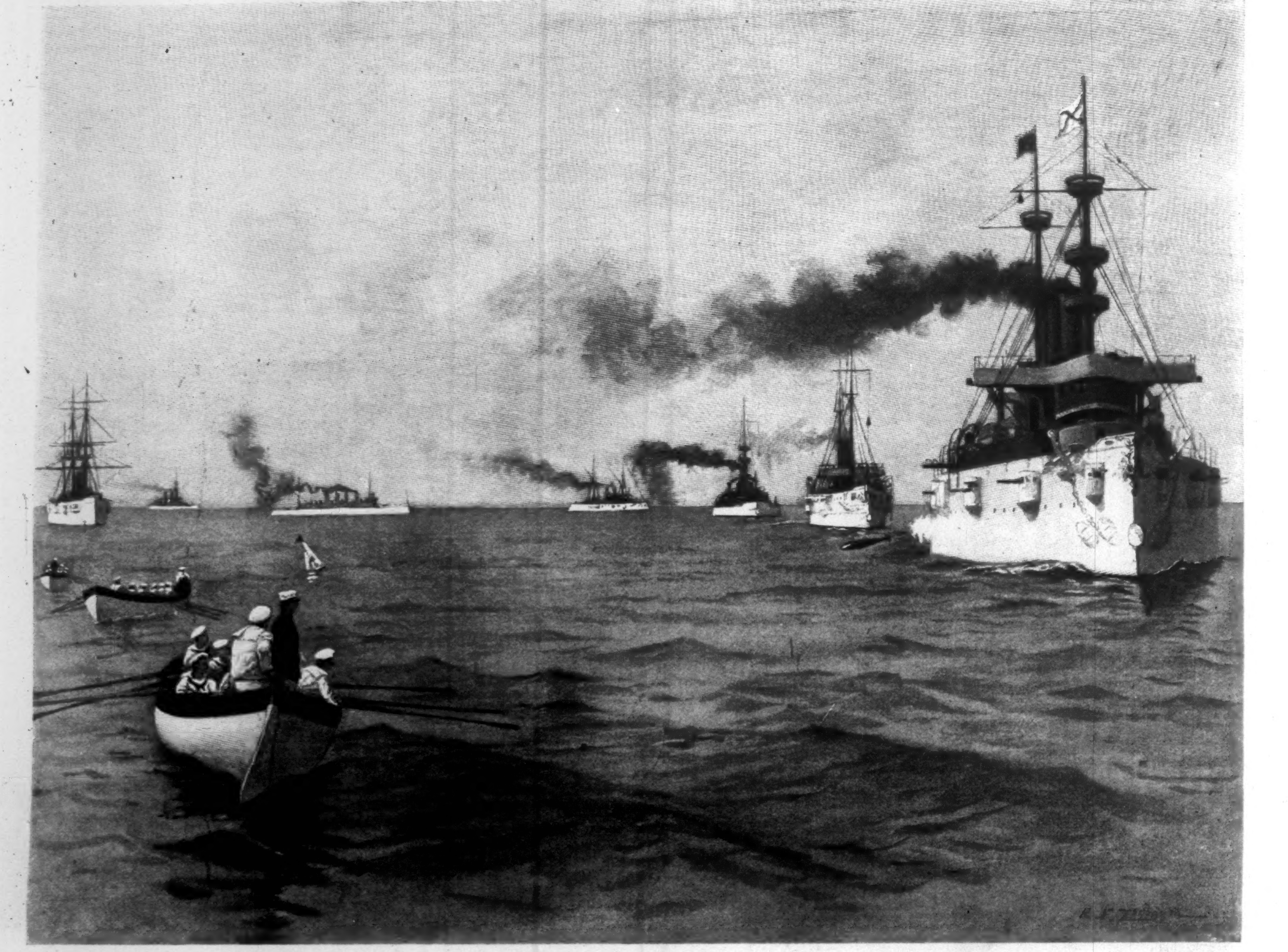
ACT II.—MR. EDWARD STEVENS AS THE MARQUIS IMARI CARRYING OFF HIS PURCHASE.

SCENES FROM THE MUSICAL COMEDY "THE GEISHA" AS PERFORMED AT DALY'S THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.

Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.—[See Page 1010.]


NEW YORK
R. F. Zogbaum 96

NAVAL MANŒUVRES ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC STATION—LANDING DRILL AT FISHERS ISLAND.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 1002.]



NAVAL MANŒUVRES ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC STATION—TARGET PRACTICE WITH TORPEDOES.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

WITH GUN AND TORPEDO ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC STATION.

BY RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM.

OUT at sea, on "soundings," seven handsome steel war-ships ride easily at anchor on the heaving surface of the ocean; a brisk breeze caps the short waves here and there with the white tops of curling foam, and sends great cloud masses across the sky, now obscuring the sun and casting a gigantic gray shadow on the waters, now breaking for a moment to let broad shafts of light stream down and touch the sea with silvery patches, glistening and sparkling to the far horizon. Not an object in sight save the ships, nothing to break the grand circle of the ocean on which they gently sway, grim and businesslike; for in the morning watch the flag-ship has signalled, "Clear ship!" and the white fighters are stripped and ready for action. All along their graceful hulls the rails are down; not a davit, crane, or staff shows anywhere, and the batteries point unobstructed, free to sweep in all directions within the arcs of their fire; while on some of the ships—the lighter cruisers—hammocks are piled as shelter for sharp-shooters, or where additional protection for the men at the guns may be deemed advisable.

The huge bulk of *Indiana* lies heavily on the water, scarce answering to the touch of the ocean flinging showers of spray over her great bows, as if in protest at her scornful indifference to the fretting of the waves, and her threatening turret guns, like bull-dogs waiting in surly silence for the voice of the master, look out over the decks, swept clear fore and aft, and where the heavy steel battle-hatches are already battened down. From the tall smoke-stacks of all the ships black smoke is pouring, while from truck or peak the "stars and stripes" stream out in bright-hued glory against the changing lights and shadows of the sky.

Pursuant to the admiral's orders, the ships of the squadron are to get under way, by signal from the flag-ship, and to practise firing of all their batteries under service conditions, or, in other words, as in an actual engagement with an enemy. There go the string of many-colored flags up to the signal-yard on the mainmast of the flag-ship, and the long hull of *Columbia* glides with easy grace over the sea to mark one end of a line, 2700 yards in length, of which *Raleigh* marks the other, forming the base of a triangle, the small floating target of white canvas with red flag waving from the top, now placed in position, being the apex. A stirring scene it makes to see the great cruiser *New York*, as she sweeps majestically by the fleet, cleaving the dark water with her sharp bows, and sending swirling masses of foam eddying astern. Then, as she reaches the firing-line, the scarlet danger-flag breaks at the fore simultaneously with the long bright flash of fire from her starboard battery and the thunderous crash of her guns. With flash on flash, thunder on thunder, and amid the roar and rush of the massive steel projectiles, all down the line she moves, firing as rapidly as her guns can be loaded and pointed, and enveloped in great steamlike masses of powder smoke, which drift off rapidly to leeward, curling over the surface of the sea, and hovering in misty clouds along the whole length of her course. Turning in a great circle as she reaches the end of the line, back she comes speeding again, and this time the port guns come into play. Four times is the manœuvre repeated, exercising every gun in main and secondary batteries on both sides of the ship. One after the other the ships of the squadron pass over the firing-line, with almost ceaseless roar of heavy ordnance. The practice is excellent—the diminutive target, a mere white speck in the distance, being constantly surrounded by towering jets of spray as the great shells strike the water, and the projectiles from the rapid-fire guns whip the ocean into yeast all around it, until a well-directed shot from *Raleigh* completely demolishes it. No object as large as an ordinary coasting craft could live five minutes under the fire of any one of the ships.

"Beat to quarters! Cast loose and provide!" With loud, nerve-trying whir and clang the electric alarm-gongs on the battle-ship *Indiana* summon the crew to quarters. Down from top of superstructure, up from the decks below, the men come swarming; ladders and passages are crowded with rushing crowds hurrying to the stations. Not a living soul is on the broad decks fore and aft, but on the bridge, in the rapid-fire battery, white-clad sailors and blue marines cast loose the guns, or drop through the trap-doors in the turret tops, hastily buckling on accoutrements, and providing necessary implements and equipments for the guns. Deep down in the bowels of the ship, in steel-clad passages so low that a man can scarcely stand upright, the powder division finds its work. There under the light of the electric lamps the ammunition-passers rush to and fro, bringing from the opened magazines the shot and shell, the long copper-cased cartridges of powder—food for the hungry guns above. The heat is almost unbearable, and the panting, perspiring men, stripped of all clothing save their canvas trousers, work "like smiths at their forges," as they run the heavy spherical projectiles along the steel trolleys to the hoists, rushing back again for more and still more for the insatiable monsters. The peremptory orders of the officers, the clatter of steel on steel, the rattle of chain and block and trolley wheel, the tramp of feet, and the deep breathing of the hard-laboring men blend in a confused hollow roar, through which the tremble and throb of the great engines beat in measured strokes, and the dull thud and jar of the guns on deck send answering shock in the torrid atmosphere of the narrow passages. Now smoke begins to drift down through the hoists; its pungent smell fills the nostrils and chokes the already overcharged air, dimming the glare of the lights, and enveloping everything in sulphurous vapor, through which the moving figures loom like shadowy demons of the realms of hell. One breathes but little freer on deck, and the terrific shock of the heavy guns, the tremendous noise of their exploding charges, strains one's nerves, and beats in one's ears like hammer-strokes on solid rock.

From the top of the superstructure one catches a glimpse of where the shots strike the surface of the ocean, tearing huge masses of the element bodily, so to speak, out of the sea, throwing high columns of the green water, spray-topped, up in air, ricochetting in bounds a mile or more long, and disappearing in a long line of distant enormous splashes. Inside the smoothly moving turrets, with their tremendous thickness of solid steel armor, the shock is but little felt, but to the men at the guns at the broadside batteries the explosions from forward and after turrets burst the air all around them, while where we stand on the very top of the superstructure shock follows shock in almost ceaseless succession.

When the secondary battery of rapid-fire guns comes into action there is a scene of excitement that appeals powerfully to the imagination of what the picture of actual battle will present when two such sea-monsters as represented by the type of vessel like the *Indiana* come to blows with each other. Hardly waiting for the first sharp trumpet-notes sounding the order to fire, the eager gunners press the triggers, and the deafening roll of the terrible light-artillery of the sea rends the atmosphere, lighting surrounding decks and bulwarks, even in the broad daylight, with the incessant flashes of their fire. Raised above the deck on gratings the gun detachments work like machinery behind the cannon, breech-blocks opening and shutting, cartridge shells falling with metallic clang, and smoking in gradually increasing piles about the feet of the men, while chest after chest of ammunition is emptied, and shell after shell passed up in rapid regularity. The captain stands on the ladder leading down from the high deck, giving his orders in a voice sounding clear and strong through the din, while the divisional officer hurries from point to point, superintending and encouraging the working of the guns. Ammunition-passers drag the red boxes from hatch to grating, sliding them over the deck, and lifting them up to the gun-servants, unloading, loading, and firing without pause or rest, the discharges from each gun following with but few seconds interval, keeping up one incessant crash, until the trumpet finally blares, sharp and clear, the order to cease firing. It has been an exciting ten minutes, even though there has been no answer to the vicious bark of the guns, and the men's eyes are blazing, their strong chests heaving, while the perspiration runs in streams down their powder-stained faces; but with the order to "secure," they "turn to" with disciplined alacrity. The gunner's mates and their helpers bustle about their charges, washing, sponging, and clearing away the traces of their recent activity, and in an incredibly short space of time the ship begins to resume its wonted aspect of quiet order.

If of less interest from the point of view of the picturesque, the practice of handling those terrible engines of modern marine warfare, the automobile torpedoes, is of great importance to the efficiency of the fighting-ship of to-day. Most of our ships are provided with the machinery and appliances for their use, and much attention is given toward keeping them in readiness for actual service, although opinions differ as to the advisability of equipping some of our men-o'-war with machines of such destructive power, where a shot from an enemy might cause the loss of a vessel by the explosion of one of her own means of offence. The weather conditions one beautiful bright morning are most favorable for torpedo practice, and no surprise is caused when among the many signals that have already come from the flag-ship—for the fleet has been manœuvring since four bells in the morning watch—the order is given for target practice with torpedoes. A target similar to that used for gunnery is dropped, and the squadron steams in column over a sea blue as the sky, and undulating smooth as oil under the warm rays of the summer sun. Two boats from each ship have been lowered to pick up the torpedoes after they shall have been fired, and a little flotilla is gathered within easy rowing distance of the target. Below, where the torpedo ports open, a few feet above the water-line, the long bright steel cylindrical machines are placed in readiness to be launched at the word of command, while the officer in charge of the detachments peers over the sighting-bar—placed, in action, in the narrow slit above the port—and at his word of command the fish-shaped torpedoes leap forth, diving with a splash into the sea alongside. You can easily follow them with the eye, as they rush like huge sharks towards the object aimed at, rippling the surface above them with bubbling jets of air as their propellers whir below the water, and watch them as they rise with a little puff like whales blowing in the distance. *New York* leading, the fleet passes, each ship launching her torpedoes as she reaches the firing point, then, following the movements of the flag-ship, countermarching and bringing the opposite battery to bear. The practice here again is most excellent, hardly any one of the torpedoes failing to come within striking distance.

Day in, day out, the manœuvres of the fleet scarcely cease; even at night not unfrequently the red and white flashes from the electric signal-lamps on the flag-ship spell out some message or order, and the words are repeated by ship after ship, the whole fleet winking in glowing points of fire away aloft, like the opening and shutting of the eyes of some strange monsters of the deep. Vague and shadowy the hulks loom through the gloom; now and then the foam gleams white for a moment, as the water is cleft by the sharp bows, and the lights at mast-head and truck sway to and fro, as the vessels rise and fall, or roll with easy, graceful motion in answer to the send of the sea, while one after another the bells strike the hours, ringing melodiously back from the flag-ship through the long column, and the cry of the lookouts sounds clear and strong, giving token through the night that "All's well."

In the middle of the morning watch the string of bright flags blows out from the tall mast of the flag-ship, and the drill of the fleet begins. Evolution follows evolution, and the officer on watch has his head and his hands full from the time he steps up on the high bridge until his relief takes his place at the end of four hours of hard work. Like things of life and intelligence the white ships respond to the orders of the chief, now rushing forward at full speed in one long and glistening line, now breaking back into column, or turning in grand sweep over the ocean, changing the direction of the march like battalions in the field. Suddenly the cry of "Man overboard!" breaks on the startled ear. The flag-ship's speed-cone hangs reversed in air, and the water at her stern is whipped into racing masses of foam, as her huge propellers back full speed astern, while she signals to the fleet to lower the life-boats. "Away the starboard life-boat!" the order rings out, and the boat's crew jump to the davits.

Over goes the speed-cone on our ship, warning those following that she is backing with all the force of her great engines, while the marine on guard on the quarter-deck springs to the rail and lets go the life-buoy, and the quartermaster seizes the log-line where it is towing astern, hauling it in hand over hand to save it from entanglement and destruction by the swift revolving propellers. Quick and nimble as cats the ready life-boat men tumble into their boat, the midshipman of the watch in command; ready hands man the falls, and in a moment the buoyant whale-boat is tossing on the waves, bounding over them under the strong strokes of the oarsmen towards where the life-buoy floats, sending two columns of blue smoke up in air from the automatic flares attached to it. All through the squadron the life-boats are dropping to the water, each boat's crew eager to be the first at a possible rescue; for it is not known whether the order from the flag-ship is merely to test the readiness and efficiency of the crews, or that some poor fellow is actually struggling for life in the surging waters. That the order was given for the former purpose is soon evident, however, for the boats soon return to their respective ships with the buoys; but it is by such unexpected and sudden calls that men become accustomed to act with alacrity and vigor in emergencies. Thus the call to fire-quarters is a frequent one on men-o'-war, and the collision signal, on which the water-tight doors throughout the ship are closed, is one of daily occurrence.

For an "all around" fighting-man there is none better than the sailor-man, for he has often soldier's work to do, as well as to stand behind the guns at sea. Time and again forces have been landed from war-ships for operations ashore, and the exercise of such duties forms an important part of the work of the navy.

It is no small undertaking to land the crews of a number of ships, with all the stores, ammunition, arms, and supplies for campaigning in the field, but it is an interesting and picturesque sight to witness. Jack is a first-rate "foot" soldier, and can adapt himself to circumstances of field-work with a readiness born of his life on shipboard, where he is so constantly thrown on his own resources; and his athletic training stands him in good use when he is transferred from the unsteady deck of his ship to terra firma. The squadron has a complete organization for land operations, including infantry, artillery, signal, and ambulance corps, and the necessary camping outfit for purely field-work; and a very respectable force can be thrown ashore at very short notice. Shore drills are as frequent as circumstances will permit—a favorite point for the purpose being at Fishers Island, at the entrance to Long Island Sound. Both for manœuvres of this kind and for fleet evolutions the ships of the North Atlantic Station have had excellent opportunities during the summer, more ships, and consequently more officers and men, having been engaged than for many years past. The constant and repeated drills are bearing good fruit, and it is to be hoped that work so well and faithfully done will meet with the appreciation it deserves.

RODERIGO AND HIS DOG.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

"THAT was a first-rate ghost of yours, Major," observed Commander Wilbur, gravely, when Thorne's story of Arizona life had been fully set forth. "But I have a whole collection of spooks that yield the palm to no others. I literally have them. You encountered yours once, and then lost sight of him forever, but mine are among my best friends. I don't know, I am sure, what quality I have that does it, but the fact remains that I do manage in some manner to endear myself to ghosts that have haunted me from time to time, and they never desert me. I haven't said anything about it, but I've got a half a dozen of them here with me now."

Mr. Bouverie looked anxiously about him.

"He won't hurt you, Mr. Bouverie," said the Commander, quietly. "I don't believe he has killed a man in three hundred years."

"Then there is one of them back of me?" queried Mr. Bouverie.

"Yes," said Wilbur. "He has been sitting on the back of your chair all through dinner. You can't see him; and perhaps it is just as well you can't, for he is by no means handsome. He was a pirate in his day, and at this moment is one of those dank ghosts with sea-weed in his hair and salt water dripping from his clothes. You have read about his kind often, I have no doubt, although no description of him that I have ever seen has done justice to his horridness. He was drowned."

"He is certainly a very rude spook to sit on the back of Mr. Bouverie's chair," observed Barlow.

"Granted," Wilbur returned; "but you don't expect a pirate to be much of a Chesterfield, do you? This fellow was born before etiquette was invented—if he hadn't been, he never would have played so mean a trick on me as he played the first time we met. Stop grinning, Roderigo, you idiot," Wilbur added, shaking his finger reprovingly at the invisible something over Mr. Bouverie's chair. "It wasn't any laughing matter for me. Excuse these diversions, gentlemen. As I have said, Roderigo is no Chesterfield, and he frequently annoys me by his manner, which is distinctly irritating, considering the part he took in our first encounter. You may not all of you be aware of the fact, but in the early part of my career I was stationed in Brazil. At that time I was about twenty-two years of age, and adventurous to the very utmost degree of rashness. In my shore hours I used to frequent the haunts of the most desperate characters in all that land of woe, and it was thus that I managed to encounter my dank, drowned friend Roderigo. He had been dead for so long a time before I met him that he had forgotten which one of the many last names that he had borne was the right one, and so his identity has never been fully established. At any rate, that his name was Roderigo is certain. Of course, when I ran against him in Rio, I was not aware that he was but the shadow of a being that once had been. I supposed that he was a living being, like myself, and as he appeared to be a person of exceeding desperate character, with all the enthusiasm of youth for men of that stamp I cultivated his acquaintance. He seemed to take quite a fancy to me also, and it was not long before we became boon companions. He was a being with the most extraordinary fund of reminiscence. Indeed, until I discovered the truth in regard to him, I sometimes looked upon him as an extraordinarily able romancer, because in appearance he was not more than forty years of age— What's that?... Ah, yes. He informs me that he was just forty-two when he was drowned. That was what I supposed. But as I was saying, with no suspicion as to the truth of the matter, after putting Roderigo's various tales together in chronological form, he was apparently an able-bodied prevaricator, or else a person who had lived beyond the span allotted to most mortals. He had been fifteen years in Spain, ten in the West Indies, twelve in South America, and altogether ninety odd years elsewhere, which for a man seemingly forty is a pretty good record. However, youth loves a good liar, and I was possibly more drawn to Roderigo by his entertaining exaggerations, as they seemed to me to be, than I could otherwise have been.

"Among other tales that Roderigo told me was a dreadful account of a piratical venture he had once been engaged in in those very waters; but what made the story more interesting was his positive statement that millions in treasure were buried twenty miles back in the country, in a spot known only to him, since he and another had buried it there, and after burying it had quarrelled as to which of them should have the honor of being buried beside it. With a horrid smile, he remarked that he was not the successful candidate for the grave. I affected not to be unduly impressed with his story. In fact, I smiled incredulously when he informed me of the location of the treasure, and asked him why, with all these riches at hand, he had not availed himself of them, instead of leading the poverty-stricken life in which I found him. His answer was convincing. He was afraid to take the treasure from its hiding-place, because his sudden enrichment would lay him open to the necessity of explanations which he could not well make, and he preferred poverty and freedom to wealthy exile in a Brazilian jail, with the prospect of having his treasure confiscated into the bargain."

"That was plausible enough," said Parker, the lawyer. "I can't say I think any less of Roderigo on that score."

"No, I fancy he was perfectly right," said the Commander. "But wait and see what a deep-dyed villain he was. After interesting me in the tale of the treasure, we parted. A few days later, meeting him again, he put his hands into his pockets and dragged out two handfuls of great golden coins, which he poured into my hands. 'There!' he said. 'That's part of the treasure. I went out last night, found the spot, and dug that up. There's a thousand times that still there. If you will get the money changed I will give you one-half of the whole.'

"I was overwhelmed. Here was fortune beyond my wildest hopes; but I was still a little afraid. Then he took a handful of precious stones from the same pocket and handed me one of them—a diamond of enormous size. 'There's plenty of that there, too,' he said. 'Suppose you take one of these coins to a money-changer, and one of these diamonds to some diamond-broker, and see what they are worth as single pieces. Maybe that will convince you.'

"I had no doubt of the value of the things, so I declined at first, but as he pressed me I consented to take the coin to the bank to ascertain its worth. I wrapped it up in a piece of paper, took it to the bank, shoved it in through the teller's window; he opened the paper, and—well, the coin wasn't there. The teller thought I was playing a trick on him and got very angry. I apologized as best I could, and went away, completely mystified and crest-fallen. When I next saw Roderigo I told him what had happened, and he burst out into roars of laughter.

"'It was a good thing it wasn't a diamond,' he said.

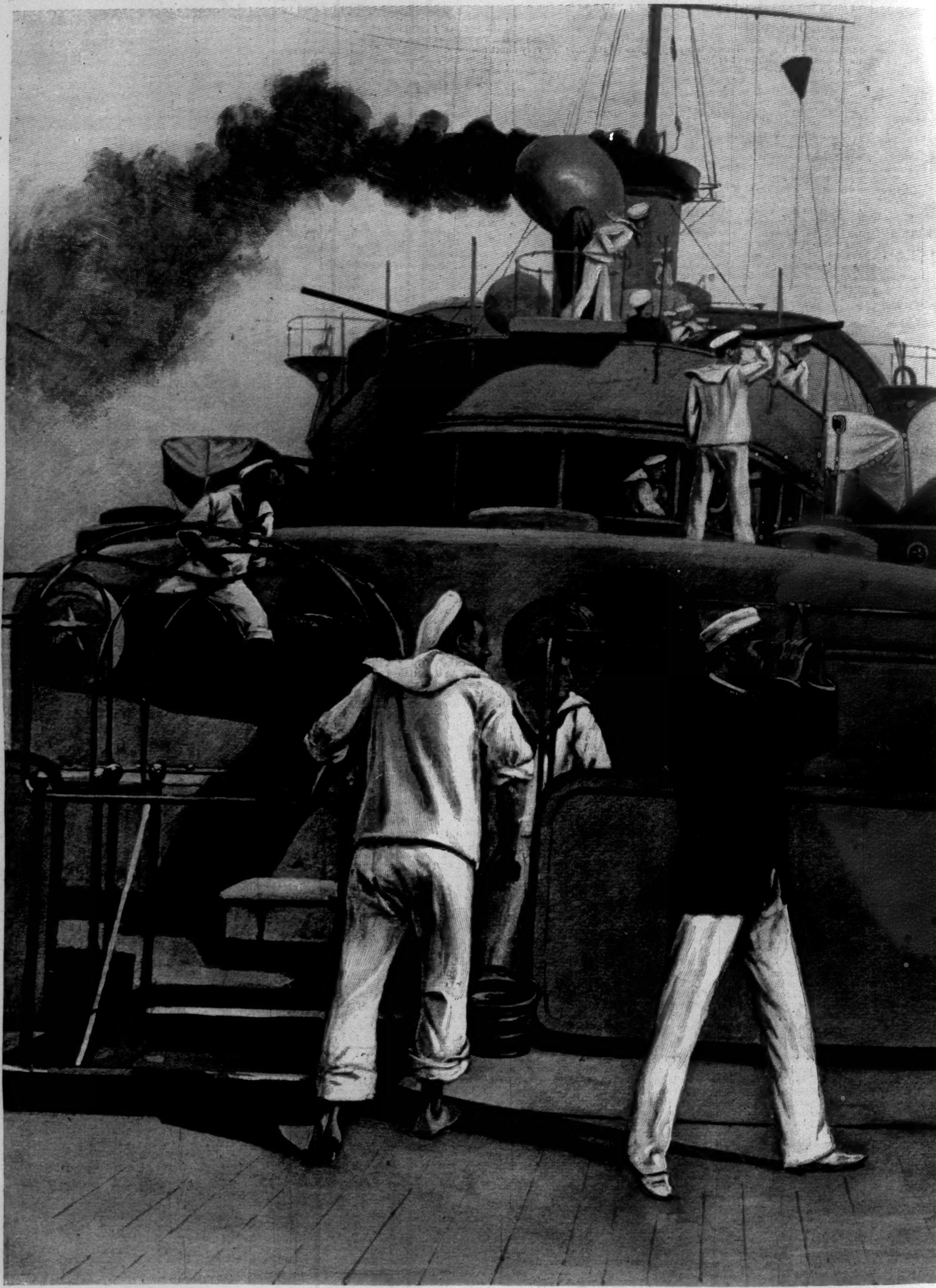
"'Well,' I replied, 'I don't want to fool with diamonds of that size, but if you will give me another coin I'll make a second attempt to find out what it is worth.'

"He gave me another coin, and the next day I went to the bank again. I handed it in to the teller with the statement that I imagined he wouldn't have anything to find fault with me about this time. He picked the coin up, eyed it narrowly, and then, to test its ringing quality, he slapped it down upon the marble-topped counter before him. Now I am not trying to deceive you, gentlemen, but it is a fact that that huge yellow coin, striking full on the marble, disappeared as completely as though it had never existed, without making the slightest sound. I don't pretend to understand how it could be, but so it was. The teller, like all Spanish-blooded persons, was extremely superstitious, and he made short work of getting rid of me; and, disconsolate, I again sought out Roderigo to demand an explanation. When I stated the results of my second attempt to him he looked at me curiously, and acted at first as though he doubted my word; but when I insisted upon the truth of my story he appeared to feel solicitous as to my health; asked me all sorts of questions bearing upon the sanity of my parents; wanted to know if I had ever had brain-fever, and in every way acted as though he doubted if I were in my right mind. I was irritated beyond expression, and after a quarrel of five or ten minutes, in which I did all the talking, we parted.

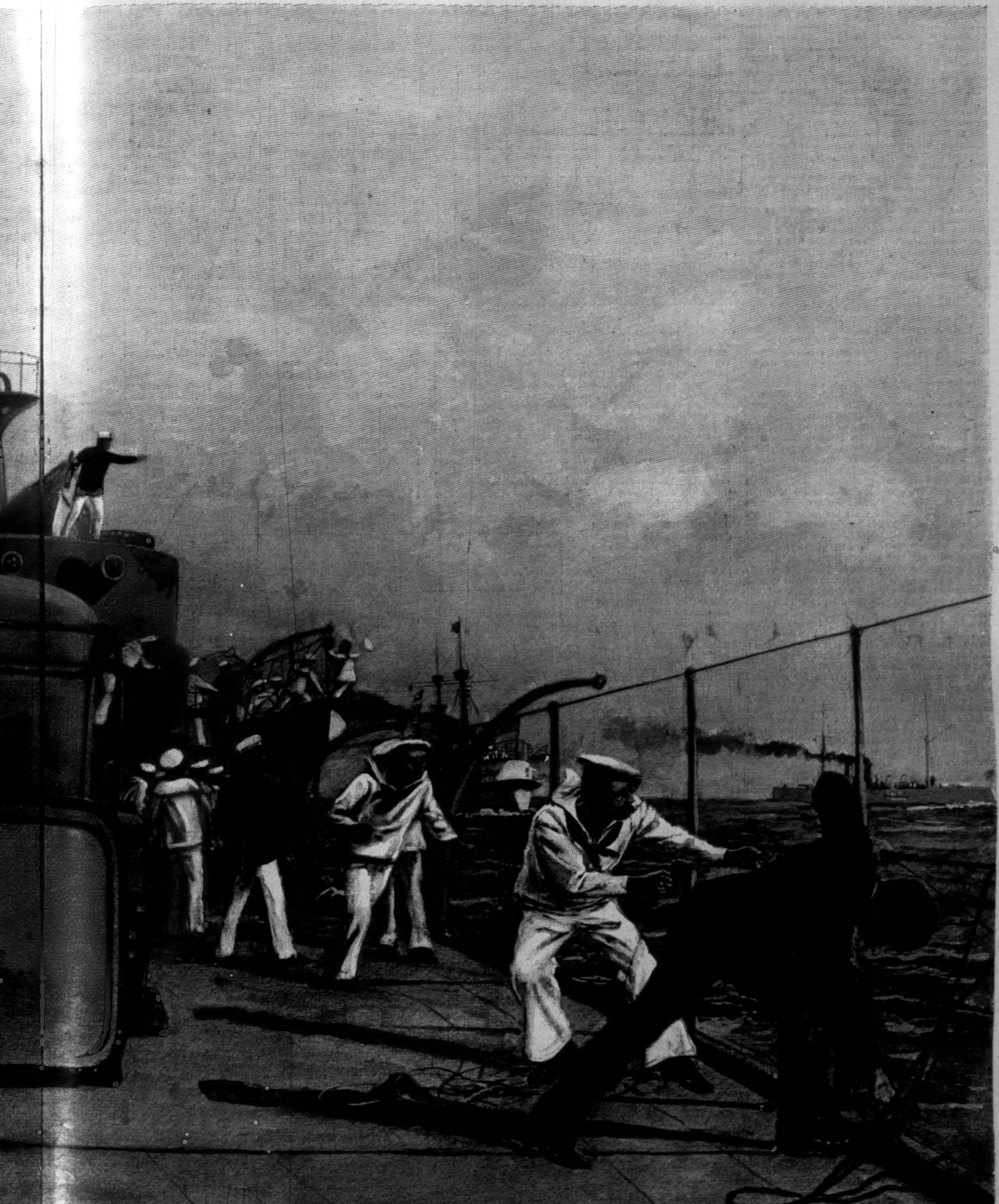
"A few days later my ship sailed for home. On the night before sailing I met Roderigo once more, and he behaved as though we had never had a misunderstanding of any sort, and begged me, at parting from him, to accept at his hands a dog, a beautiful little creature which had been our constant companion when we were together. It was a curious dog, of a species entirely unknown to me, and I had grown very fond of him. The strange thing about him was that he never barked, nor uttered sounds of any kind. Of course I gladly accepted him, and concealed him on board the cruiser. We sailed next day. All the way home the dog lay quiet. He never stirred to eat or to exercise, nor did he fail to observe that strict reticence that had always been one of his marked peculiarities. I was glad he behaved that way, for I preferred that none should know of his presence on board. Our commanding officer was a strict disciplinarian, and Ruy would have been made to walk the plank if he had been discovered.

"In due course of time we arrived in New York, and with Ruy in tow I went to visit my family for a few days. Strange to say, when I reached home Ruy was nowhere to be found, and during my whole stay there I could not trace him. Finally I returned to New York, and what should I see as soon as I got there but Ruy! He danced and pranced with delight when he caught sight of me, and then something happened that made me feel that I ought to be in an insane asylum. I took Ruy for a walk in Central Park. When we reached the lake we saw the swans feeding, and they seemed to set Ruy crazy with delight, and nothing would do but that he should chase them. Chasing a swan on land is easy, and by no means a mysterious operation; but when a dog scampers over the surface of a lake, without even wetting his ankles, to chase swans, then there is something out of the ordinary in the incident. That is what Ruy did; but when I whistled to him, after having in a measure recovered from my surprise, he came most obediently to me. Nor was that all. On the way home Ruy would prance in and out among the carriages that thronged the drive. Twice I saw the wheels of coaches pass—not over him, crushing out his life, as I feared, but through him, leaving him as happy and whole as ever. It was the experience of this day that made me suspect Ruy and shook my confidence in Roderigo. Were they real or not? That was the question, and, as far as I was able, I put Ruy to the test. I locked him up in my room and started out after medical advice. The door made no impression upon Ruy. He came right through it. I returned to my room, put a collar about his neck, and tied him by means of a chain to a chair. He left the collar and chain behind him with the same ease with which he had walked through the door. Then for the first time I raised my hand to strike him. He sprang at me, buried his teeth in my wrist, and disappeared completely, leaving no mark upon me whatsoever. He ran through the wall.

"That settled Ruy's case with me. He was an uncanny dog from the first, but this proved that he was even more uncanny than I had suspected. He was nothing more nor less than a spook. The question in my mind now was whether I had anything the matter with me, and I consulted a doctor. He examined me, and found me in perfect condition physically, and, barring Ruy, I was all right mentally. I am not a man of excess of any kind, and Ruy was simply unaccountable; that was all. My physician offered to have me locked up in a private lunatic asylum at my own expense, but I declined the attention, and went about my business. For two months I was free from hallucination of any sort; but at the end of that time



NAVAL MANŒUVRES ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC STATION—THE FLAG-


R. F. Zogbaum
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LAG-SHIP SIGNALS, "MAN OVERBOARD!"—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 1002.]

what should I see prancing about the ocean one breezy afternoon—we were at sea on our way to the Bermudas—but Ruy. He skipped over waves like a sea-gull, and every now and then would stand erect on his hind legs and lie down on his fore legs like any other dog at play. Then he would dive, and come to the surface again with a strange-looking fish in his jaws—fish the like of which I now doubt any other man ever saw. I could not account for it, and I dared not speak of it. The navy was my profession. It held all there was for me in the world, and if once it were known that I was the victim of hallucinations of that character, my usefulness would be at an end. I had to choose between a career and an asylum. Naturally I chose the career. It depressed me greatly, but I was not to blame. Fate had played a prank on me, a prank which need not necessarily affect the value of my services to my country, but which might, if known to the world, seriously affect my own future. I kept silent. That night, on retiring to my cabin, I was oppressed. I would have given thousands to be able to confide in some one, and I found my confidant. It was Roderigo. How he got there I do not pretend to know. Suffice it to say he suddenly materialized. It was pitch-dark, but dank things like Roderigo have a phosphorescence that overcomes any darkness. I could have swooned when I saw him, but had the strength of will, fortunately, not to, and still more fortunately, he had sympathy enough to reveal to me his secret, which was at the same time Ruy's secret, and to assure me that I need fear nothing. His secret was that three hundred years ago he had lived; that he was not now a living thing any more than Ruy was a living thing; that there were things in this world that the mind of man could not under any circumstances grasp; and that any effort on my part to comprehend the ins and outs of the situation in which I found myself would be futile. In short, Roderigo was a ghost; his treasure was a spirit treasure; the coins with which I had been tricked were spirit coins; the dog had been his dog in life and was his dog still. At first he had wished to have a little fun at my expense, but in the end he had repented, and was now come to assure me of his everlasting affection and service, including those of his dog Ruy, who would never have deserted me had I not attempted to chastise him for insisting upon remaining at my side—at his master's side, where a well-regulated dog ought to be.

"Roderigo has kept his word, gentlemen. He has been with me ever since. He has been present all through this dinner this evening, as has also Ruy, only Ruy, as always, has had better manners than his master. Dogs usually have. He has lain quiet in his corner, while Roderigo has been behaving most rudely behind the chair of Mr. Bouverie. As for my collection of ghosts, they are all good friends of mine, and I have been able to meet them only through the good offices of Roderigo, who from time to time has presented to me such spirits of the past as he has personally known, and they are all good fellows. Here's to them." The Commander raised his glass to his lips and drained it.

"Finally, gentlemen," he said, "kindly remember this. The navy is a strict mistress. Were it known that I am subject to what may seem to you to be hallucinations, but which are to me realities, I should be dismissed from the service. I have never before confided to any the story of Roderigo and his dog, and I trust for my sake that you will regard the story as confidential."

Whereupon the host and his guests, peering anxiously about them in the half hope and half fear of meeting the ghostly eyes of Roderigo's dog, and of observing the wagging of his spirit tail, bound themselves to eternal secrecy over a series of iced crêmes de menthe recently brought to the board by the waiter with the auburn Dundreary whiskers.

PRICES AND SILVER.

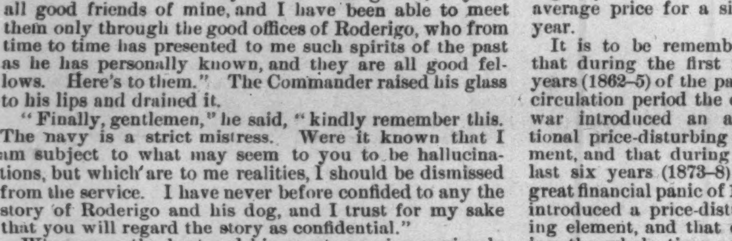
I.

LET it be proved that a bushel of wheat or a yard of cloth can be bought for less money than in 1880. That fact does not show that the decline of prices began at 1880.

In order to know whether a decline of prices began at any specified date, it is necessary to examine the record of prices for several years preceding that date.

It is an accepted fact that many prices have fallen within the memory of living persons. This does not prove, however, that the fall began with the memory of those persons. There is, moreover, a wide diversity of opinion as to the causes which have brought about the decline. Protectionists make much of the force of home competition and invention stimulated by a protective tariff. Their opponents make a strong claim for the influence of foreign competition, and lay much stress at the door of overproduction. Silverites attribute it to the restrictions of silver coinage.

Turning attention to the silverite's claim, it would greatly strengthen his position if it could be shown that the decline in prices began at 1873. Fortunately it is practicable to examine that phase of the question.



No. 1.

By act of March 3, 1891, the Finance Committee of the United States Senate were directed "to ascertain in every practicable way, and to report . . . . to the Senate" certain information regarding prices and wages. This committee consisted of prominent Senators from both political parties,* and made one of the most exhaustive examinations ever conducted. Many of their tables extend back to 1840, but they explain that the data previous to 1850 is less valuable because less comprehensive. These reports, of course, include no figures later than 1891; but that is sufficient for discovering whether the historical trend of prices (up or down) began at 1873.

The accompanying illustrations delineate the fluctuations of six groups of the products of labor between 1850 and 1891 inclusive. In each illustration that period of seventeen years (1862–78 inclusive) during which specie payment was suspended is represented by a darker shading. The twelve years preceding and the thirteen years following, are represented by the lighter shading. The irregular row of dots at the top of the shading shows how the price went up and down, each dot representing (by its location) the average price for a single year.

It is to be remembered that during the first four years (1862–5) of the paper-circulation period the civil war introduced an additional price-disturbing element, and that during the last six years (1873–8) the great financial panic of 1873 introduced a price-disturbing element, and that during the whole time paper currency only was in circulation.

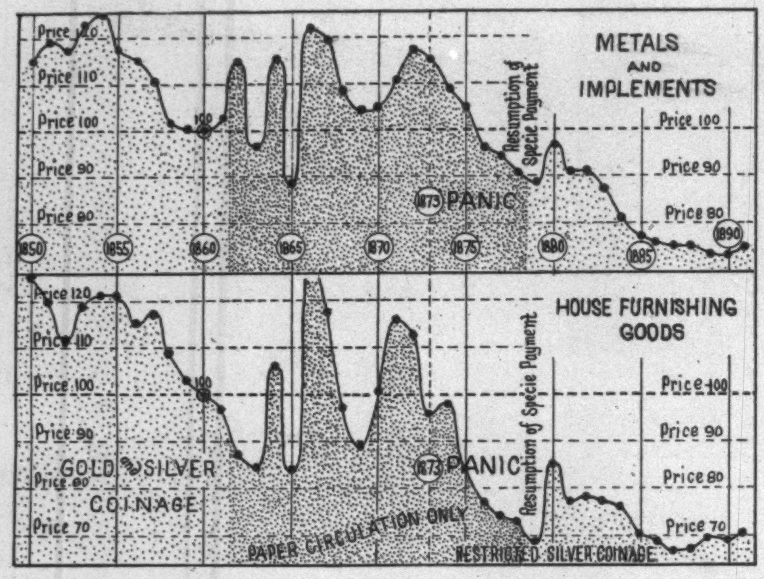
The more extreme fluctuations of the civil-war period and the years immediately following are not fully delineated, as they represent abnormal conditions, and therefore would not help to discover the general trend of prices for the whole period of forty-two years. Indeed, to make a fair judgment of the general range of prices since 1850 the inflation period should be set aside, and the prices under the gold and silver circulation preceding the inflation period should be compared with the prices under the gold and silver circulation since that period.

The Senate Committee adopted the 1860 price as a "base-line," and made its report of fluctuations accordingly, and the illustrations are drawn to that plan. Each fifth year is marked by a perpendicular line, and each such line carries its date in a circle drawn for that purpose.

This method of studying prices enables the reader clearly to understand the whole matter, for he does not have to carry columns of figures in his mind, nor does he have to depend upon a partial list of figures selected for him. He can make the entire judgment for himself, because he has the complete record before his eye.

Silver.—As a matter of natural interest in this connection, and for the sake of general comparison, illustration No. 1 is presented. This exhibit shows the price of silver per ounce as officially reported by the Director of the Mint, and covers the same years as the Senate Committee's Report, and is drawn to the same scale and on the same plan as the other exhibits.

Metals and Implements.—Illustration No. 2 shows the change in prices of two important groups of the products of labor. Iron, which in its many forms constitutes a large part of the first group, is by many men considered the chief index of industrial conditions. It is not difficult for any one to decide whether the downward trend of price began before, or after, or within, the seventeen-year paper-circulation period.



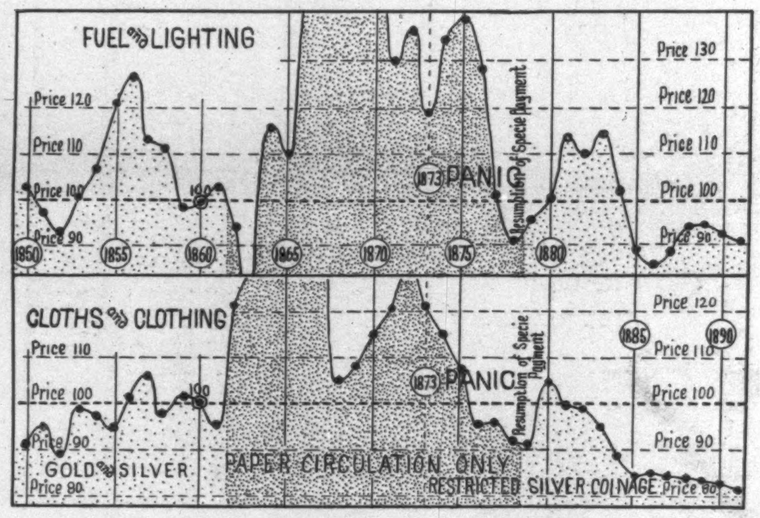
No. 2.

A brief look at the illustration shows that there have been several short periods of rising and falling prices within the forty-two years. There were violent fluctuations during the civil-war period, but taking a view of the whole range from first to last it is impossible to deny the fact that there has been a general downward tendency.

It is probable that there has been no greater improvement of machinery and of manufacturing processes than in the case of metal-working and tool-making. These improvements certainly began before the civil war, and have continued up to the present. It would therefore seem likely that improved methods of production may have had something to do with the decline of prices, which in this instance plainly dates back from 1854.

House-furnishing Goods.—A second very important group of products is presented in the lower portion of illustration No. 2. The trend of price is remarkably similar to that of Metals and Implements, only, if anything, more emphatic in its proclamation of a general decline, beginning before the civil war, and dating as far back as 1850—possibly earlier still. The fluctuations are more pronounced, but that does not change the testimony of the record as to the date of the beginning of the fall of price.

Fuel and Lighting.—Another group (Fuel and Lighting) selected by the committee, though of less importance than either of the two preceding, is yet an item of considerable moment in civilized life, and is portrayed in the upper exhibit of illustration No. 3. This exhibit is less easily analyzed because the fluctuations are greater. The inflation prices of the paper-currency period (although reduced to gold) are so much more prominent than in the two exhibits of illustration No. 2 that they somewhat disturb the judgment. It is evident, however, that the price averaged higher before the inflation period than after; and that if any date is to be fixed for the beginning of a decline of price, under normal money conditions, it must be put at 1856.



No. 3.

Cloths and Clothing.—This fourth group represents about one-sixth of the average expenditure of ordinary families, and is therefore one of the more important groups to be investigated. This exhibit brings the examination nearly to a turning-point; for while the average price before the paper period is somewhat greater than afterward, the difference is not marked. The reader is therefore partly prepared to find the higher price shift to the years following the period of inflation.

Food.—Whatever importance attaches to the preceding groups as elements in the industrial and commercial world, no one of them is nearly as prominent in family expenditure as are the food bills, which represent two-fifths (41–100) of the total cost of home life in the United States. The upper exhibit of illustration No. 4 is therefore of large interest in the cost problem. The reader will not, however, find it very difficult to determine whether the cost of food averaged higher after or before the paper period. Most men will naturally resist the conclusion that the later average is greater than the earlier one, for it is not easy to accept even the most authentic figures when they are opposed to the beliefs of many years' standing.

Lumber and Building Material.—The older builders are not unaware of the fact that lumber and building material costs more than before the civil war. The reason for this is easily found in the growing scarcity of timber suitable for cutting into lumber. Each year the sources are more remote, and although great improvements in methods of sawing and handling have been introduced in later years, they have only by a little overcome the in-

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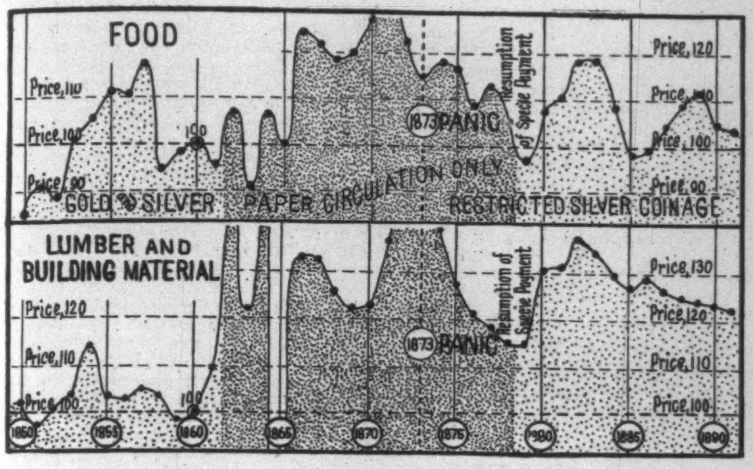
* Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, chairman; John Sherman, of Ohio; John P. Jones, of Nevada; William B. Allison, of Iowa; Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Frank Hiscock, of New York; Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana; John R. McPherson, of New Jersey; Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee; Zebulon B. Vance, of North Carolina; John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky; Benjamin Durfee, clerk.



No. 4.

creasing scarcity.* The last twenty years have also been years of great activity in building, both of houses and business plants. It is very evident that the average price since the paper-currency period ranges far above that from 1850 to 1861, and presents a strong contrast to the exhibits in illustration No. 2. It is not probable that the most ardent silverite would attribute this greater cost to the act of 1873.

This last group is one of much importance. The cost of the home is a large item, and must be borne by every family, either in purchase money or in monthly rental. To the merchant and manufacturer the cost or rental of business buildings is a serious matter, and the cost of public buildings must be borne by the community at large in one form or another, so that this item comes very close to every one of us.

Do silverites propose to further raise the price of building material as much as they propose to raise all other prices? or will free coinage reduce these prices while it advances others?

Conclusion.—These exhibits are carefully made delineations of the report of the Senate Committee as given on page 99, Vol. I., of Senate Report No. 1394, 52d Congress, 2d Session. They embrace six of the eight groups given in the report. The two not presented herewith are "Drugs and Chemicals" and "Miscellaneous," which, if portrayed, would stand between illustration No. 2 and illustration No. 3, showing very nearly the same characteristics as the exhibits of illustration No. 2.

There seems from this report no ground for the claim that the decline in prices since 1873 started at 1873, or is due to any force put in operation in 1873 (except the decline in the price of silver). It further appears that certain important prices have not suffered the decline which popular discussion assigns to them; and, still further, certain very important prices have ranged higher since 1873 than before the civil war, when both gold and silver were admitted to unlimited coinage.

If silverites find no better foundation for other claims than for the claim that the restricted coinage of silver caused the fall of prices, their foundations are unlikely to stand the test of investigation.

No reasonable person would attribute those declines which began years before the limiting of silver coinage to that act. They might as well attribute the increased cost of lumber and building material and the higher average price of food to the same cause.

F. W. HEWES.

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* It should be understood that in making up this group the committee excluded those very scarce and expensive kinds of lumber which may properly be regarded as luxuries, such as ash, basswood, cherry, chestnut, poplar, and walnut, which have so enormously increased in price of late years.

THE SPIDER'S HOUSE.

WITHIN his house of silken skeins,
  In geometric beauty spun,
The wary watchful spider reigns—
  His nest wind-jostled in the sun.

An airy castle, quaint and rare,
  It sways in every wind that blows,
As frail and fragile as the fair,
  Sweet petal of the snowy rose.

Yet in his silken lair he stays
  Secure and broods in sullen glee,
And smiles at darkling storms that raze
  The dim green temple of the tree.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

XL.

ONE morning Westover got leave from Mrs. Durgin to help Cynthia open the dim rooms and cold corridors at the hotel to the sun and air. She promised him he should take his death, but he said he would wrap up warm, and when he came to join the girl in his overcoat and fur cap, he found Cynthia equipped with a woollen cloud tied around her head, and a little shawl pinned across her breast.

"Is that all?" he reproached her. "I ought to have put on a single wreath of artificial flowers, and some sort of blazer, for this expedition. Don't you think so, Mrs. Durgin?"

"I believe women can stand about twice as much cold as you can, the best of you," she answered, grimly.

"Then I must try to keep myself as warm as I can with work," he said. "You must let me do all the rough work of airing out, won't you, Cynthia?"

"There isn't any rough work about it," she answered, in a sort of motherly toleration of his mood, without losing anything of her filial reverence.

She took care of him, he perceived, as she took care of her brother and her father, but with a delicate respect for his superiority, which was no longer shyness.

They began in the office and the parlor, where they flung up the windows, and opened the doors, and then they opened the dining-room, where the tables stood in long rows, with the chairs piled on them legs upwards. Cynthia went about with many sighs for the dust on everything, though to Westover's eyes it all seemed frigidly clean. "If it goes on as it has for the past two years," she said, "we shall have to add on a new dining-room. I don't know as I like to have it get so large!"

"I never wanted it to go beyond the original farmhouse," said Westover. "I've been jealous of every boarder but the first. I should have liked to keep it for myself, and let the world know Lion's Head from my pictures."

"I guess Mrs. Durgin thinks it was your picture that began to send people here."

"And do you blame me, too? What if the thing I'm doing now should make it a winter resort? Nothing could save you, then, but a fire. I believe that's Jeff's ambition. Only he would want to put another hotel in place of this; something that would be more popular. Then the ruin I began would be complete, and I shouldn't come any more; I couldn't bear the sight."

"I guess Mrs. Durgin wouldn't think it was Lion's Head, if you stopped coming," said Cynthia.

"But you would know better than that," said Westover; and then he was sorry he had said it, for it seemed to ask something of different quality from her honest wish to make him know their regard for him.

She did not answer, but went down a long corridor to which they had mounted, to raise the window at the end, while he raised another at the opposite extremity. When they met at the stairway again to climb to the story above, he said, "I am always ashamed when I try to make a person of sense say anything silly," and she flushed, still without answering, as if she understood him, and his meaning pleased her. "But fortunately a person of sense is usually equal to the temptation. One ought to be serious when he tries it with a person of the other sort; but I don't know that one is!"

"Do you feel any draught between these windows?" asked Cynthia, abruptly. "I don't want you should take cold."

"Oh, I'm all right," said Westover.

She went into the rooms on one side of the corridor, and put up their windows, and flung the blinds back. He did the same on the other side. He got a peculiar effect of desolation from the mattresses pulled down over the foot of the bedsteads, and the dismantled interiors reflected in the mirrors of the dressing-cases; and he was going to speak of it when he rejoined Cynthia at the stairway leading to the third story, when she said, "Those were Mrs. Vostrand's rooms I came out of the last." She nodded her head over her shoulder toward the floor they were leaving.

"Were they indeed! And do you remember people's rooms so long?"

"Yes; I always think of rooms by the name of people that have them, if they're any way peculiar."

He thought this bit of uncandor charming, and accepted it as if it were the whole truth. "And Mrs. Vostrand was certainly peculiar. Tell me, Cynthia, what did you think of her?"

"She was only here a little while."

"But you wouldn't have come to think of her rooms by her name if she hadn't made a strong impression on you!" She did not answer, and he said, "I see you didn't like her!"

The girl would not speak, and Mr. Westover went on: "She used to be very good to me, and I think she used to be better to herself than she is now." He knew that Jeff must have told Cynthia of his affair with Genevieve Vostrand, and he kept himself from speaking of her by a resolution he thought creditable, as he mounted the stairs to the upper story in the silence to which Cynthia left his last remark. At the top she made a little pause in the obscurer light of the close-shuttered corridor, while she said, "I liked her daughter the best."

"Yes?" he returned. "I never felt very well acquainted with her, I believe. One couldn't get far with her. Though, for the matter of that, one didn't get far with Mrs. Vostrand herself. Did you think Genevieve was much influenced by her mother?"

"She didn't seem a strong character."

"No, that was it. She was what her mother wished her to be. I've often wondered how much she was interested in the marriage she made."

Cynthia let a rustic silence ensue, and Westover shrank again from the inquisition he longed to make.

It was not Genevieve Vostrand's marriage which really concerned him, but Cynthia's engagement, and it was her mind that he would have liked to look into. It might well be supposed that she regarded it in a perfect matter-of-fact way, and with no ambition beyond it. She was a country girl, acquainted from childhood with facts of life which town-bred girls would not have known without a blunting of the sensibilities, and why should she be different from other country girls? She might be as good and as fine as he saw her, and yet be insensible to the spiritual toughness of Jeff, because of her love for him. Her very goodness might make his badness unimaginable to her, and if her refinement were from the conscience merely, and not from the tastes and experiences, too, there was not so much to dread for her in her marriage with such a man. Still, he would have liked, if he could, to tell her what he had told her father of Durgin's behavior with Lynde, and let her bring the test of her self-devotion to the case, with a clear understanding. He had sometimes been afraid that Whitwell might not be able to keep it to himself; but now he wished that the philosopher had not been so discreet. He had all this so absorbingly in mind that he started presently with the fear that she had said something, and he had not answered, but when he asked her, he found that she had not spoken. They were standing at an open window looking out upon Lion's Head, when he said: "I don't know how I shall show my gratitude to Mrs. Durgin and you for thinking of having me up here. I've done a picture of Lion's Head that might be ever so much worse; but I shouldn't have dreamed of getting at it, if it hadn't been for you, though I've so often dreamed of doing it. Now I shall go home richer in every sort of way—thanks to you."

She answered simply, "You needn't thank anybody; but it was Jeff who thought of it; we were ready enough to ask you."

"That was very good of him," said Westover, whom her words confirmed in a suspicion he had had all along. But what did it matter that Jeff had suggested their asking him, and then attributed the notion to them? It was not so malign for him to use that means of ingratiating himself with Westover, and of making him forget his behavior with Lynde, and it was not unnatural. It was very characteristic; at the worst it merely proved that Jeff was more ashamed of what he had done than he would allow; and that was to his credit.

He heard Cynthia asking, "Mr. Westover, have you ever been at Class Day? He wants us to come."

"Class Day? Oh, Class Day!" He took a little time to gather himself together. "Yes, I've been at a good many. If you care to see something pretty, it's the prettiest thing in the world. The students' sisters and mothers come from everywhere; and there's fashion and feasting and flirting, from ten in the morning till ten at night. I'm not sure there's so much happiness; but I can't tell. The young people know about that. I fancy there's a good deal of defeat and disappointment in it all. But if you like beautiful dresses, and music and dancing, and a great flutter of gayety, you can get more of it at Class Day than you can in any other way. The good time depends a great deal upon the acquaintance a student has, and whether he is popular in college." Westover found this road a little impassable, and he faltered.

Cynthia did not apparently notice his hesitation. "Do you think Mrs. Durgin would like it?"

"Mrs. Durgin?" Westover found that he had been leaving her out of the account, and had been thinking only of Cynthia's pleasure or pain. "Well, I don't suppose—it would be rather fatiguing— Did Jeff want her to come, too?"

"He said so."

"That's very nice of him. If he could devote himself to her; but— And would she like to go?"

"To please him, she would." Westover was silent, and the girl surprised him by the appeal she suddenly made to him. "Mr. Westover, do you believe it would be very well for either of us to go? I think it would be better for us to leave all that part of his life alone. It's no use in pretending that we're like the kind of people he knows, or that we know their ways, and I don't believe—"

Westover felt his heart rise in indignant sympathy. "There isn't any one he knows to compare with you!" he said, and in this he was thinking mainly of Bessie Lynde. "You are worth a thousand— If I were—if he's half a man he would be proud— I beg your pardon! I don't mean—but you understand—"

Cynthia put her head far out of the window, and looked along the steep roof before them. "There is a blind off one of the windows I heard it clapping in the wind the other night. I must go and see the number of the room." She drew her head in quickly and ran away without letting him see her face.

He followed her. "Let me help you put it on again!"

"No, no!" she called back. "Frank will do that, or Jombateeste, when they come to shut up the house."

XLI.

Westover did not meet Durgin for several days after his return from Lion's Head. He brought messages for him from his mother and from Whitwell, and he waited for him to come and get them so long that he had to blame himself for not sending them to him. When Jeff appeared, at the end of a week, Westover had a certain embarrassment in meeting him, and the effort to overcome this carried him beyond his sincerity. He was aware of feigning the cordiality he showed, and of having less real liking for him than ever before. He suggested that he must be busier every day, now, with his college work, and he resented the air of social prosperity which Jeff put on in saying, Yes, there was that, and then he had some engagements which kept him from coming in sooner.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2068.

He did not say what the engagements were, and they did not recur to the things they had last spoken of. Westover could not do so without Jeff's leading, and he was rather glad that he gave none. He staid only a little time, which was spent mostly in a show of interest on both sides, and in the hollow hilarities which people use to mask their indifference to one another's being and doing. Jeff declared that he had never seen Westover looking so well, and said he must go up to Lion's Head again; it had done him good. As for his picture, it was a corker; it made him feel as if he were there! He asked about all the folks, and received Westover's replies with vague laughter, and an absence in his bold eye, which made the painter wonder what his mind was on, without the wish to find out. He was glad to have him go, though he pressed him to drop in soon again, and said they would take in a play together.

Jeff said he would like to do that, and he asked at the door whether Westover was going to the tea at Mrs. Bellingham's. He said he had to look in there, before he went out to Cambridge; and left Westover in mute amaze at the length he had apparently gone in a road that had once seemed no thoroughfare for him. Jeff's social acceptance, even after the Enderby ball, which was now some six or seven weeks past, had been slow, but of late, for no reason that he or any one else could have given, it had gained a sudden precipitance; and people who wondered why they met him at other houses, began all to ask him to their own.

He did not care to go to their houses, and he went at first in the hope of seeing Bessie Lynde again. But this did not happen for some time, and it was a mid-Lenten tea that brought them together. As soon as he caught sight of her he went up to her and began to talk, as if they had been in the habit of meeting constantly. She could not control a little start at his approach, and he frankly recognized it.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh—the window—"

"It isn't open," he said, trying it. "Do you want to try it yourself?"

"I think I can trust you," she answered, but she sank a little into the shelter of the curtains, not to be seen talking with him, perhaps, or not to be interrupted; she did not analyze her motive closely.

He remained talking to her till she went away, and then he contrived to go with her. She did not try to escape him after that; each time they met she had the pleasure of realizing that there had never been any danger of what had never happened. But beyond this she could perhaps have given no better reason for her willingness to meet him again and again than the bewildered witnesses of the fact. In her set people not only never married outside of it, but they never flirted outside of it. For one of themselves, even for a girl like Bessie, whom they had not quite known from childhood, to be apparently amusing herself with a man like that, so wholly alien in origin, in tradition, was something unheard of; and it began to look as if Bessie Lynde was more than amused. It seemed to Mary Enderby that wherever she went she saw that man talking to Bessie. She could have believed that it was by some evil art that he always contrived to reach Bessie's side, if anything could have been less like any kind of art than the bold push he made for her as soon as he saw her in a room. But sometimes Miss Enderby feared that it was Bessie who used such *finesse* as there was, and always put herself where he could see her. She waited with trembling for her to give the affair sanction by making her aunt ask him to something at her house. On the other hand, she could not help feeling that Bessie's flirtation was all the more deplorable for the want of some such legitimation.

She did not even know certainly whether Jeff ever called upon Bessie at her aunt's house, till one day the man let him out at the same time he let her in.

"Oh, come up, Molly!" Bessie sang out from the floor above, and met her half-way down the stairs, where she kissed her and led her embraced into the library.

"You don't like my jay, do you, dear?" she asked promptly.

Mary Enderby turned her face, the mirror of conscience upon her, and asked, "*Is* he your jay?"

"Well, no; not just in that sense, Molly. But suppose he was?"

"Then I should have nothing to say."

"And suppose he wasn't?"

Still Mary Enderby found herself with nothing of all she had a thousand times thought she should say to Bessie if she had ever the slightest chance. It had always seemed so easy, till now, to take Bessie in her arms, and appeal to her good sense, her self-respect, her regard for her family and her friends; and now it seemed so impossible.

She heard herself answering very stiffly; "Perhaps I'd better apologize for what I've said already. You must think I was very unjust the last time we mentioned him."

"Not at all!" cried Bessie, with a laugh that sounded very mocking, and very unworthy to her friend. "He's all that you said, and worse. But he's more than you said, and better."

"I don't understand," said Mary, coldly.

"He's very interesting; he's original; he's different!"

"Oh, every one says that."

"And he doesn't flatter me, or pretend to think much of me. If he did, I couldn't bear him. You know how I am, Molly. He keeps me interested, don't you understand, and prowling about in the great unknown where he has his weird being."

Bessie put her hand to her mouth, and laughed at Mary Enderby with her slanted eyes; a sort of Parisian version of a Chinese motive in eyes.

"I suppose," her friend said, sadly, "you won't tell me more than you wish."

"I won't tell you more than I know—though I'd like to," said Bessie. She gave Mary a sudden hug. "You dear! There isn't anything of it, if that's what you mean."

"But isn't there danger that there will be, Bessie?" her friend entreated.

"Danger? I shouldn't call it *danger*, exactly!"

"But if you don't *respect* him, Bessie—"

"Why, how *can* I? He doesn't respect *me!*"

"I know you're teasing, now," said Mary Enderby, getting up, "and you're quite right. I have no business to—"

Bessie pulled her down upon the seat again. "Yes, you have! Don't I tell you, over and over? He doesn't respect me, because I don't know how to make him, and he wouldn't like it, if I did. But now, I'll try to make you understand. I don't believe I care for him, the least; but mind, I'm not certain, for I've never cared for any one, and I don't know what it's like. You know I'm not sentimental; I think sentiment's funny; and I'm not dignified—"

"You're divine," murmured Mary Enderby, with reproachful adoration.

"Yes, but you see how my divinity could be improved," said Bessie, with a wild laugh. "I'm not sentimental, but I'm emotional, and he gives me emotions. He's a riddle, and I'm all the time guessing at him. You get the answer to the kind of men we know easily; and it's very nice, but it doesn't amuse you so much as trying. Now Mr. Durgin—what a name! I can see it makes you creep—is no more like one of us than a—bear is; and his attitude toward us is that of a bear who's gone so much with human beings that he thinks he's a human being. He's delightful, that way. And, do you know, he's intellectual! He actually brings me books, and wants to read passages to me out of them! He has brought me the plans of the new hotel he's going to build. It's to be very æsthetic, and it's going to be called The Lion's Head Inn. There's to be a little theatre, for amateur dramatics, which I could conduct, and for all sorts of professional amusements. If you should ever come, Molly, I'm sure we shall do our best to make you comfortable."

Mary Enderby would not let Bessie laugh upon her shoulder after she said this. "Bessie Lynde," she said, severely, "if you have no regard for yourself, you ought to have some regard for him. You may say you are not encouraging him, and you may believe it—"

"Oh, I shouldn't say it if I didn't *believe* it," Bessie broke in with a mock air of seriousness.

"I must be going," said Mary, stiffly, and this time she succeeded in getting to her feet.

Bessie laid hold of her again. "You think you've been trifled with, don't you, dear?"

"No—"

"Yes, you do! Don't *you* try to be slippery, Molly. The plain pikestaff is *your* style, morally speaking—if any one knows what a pikestaff *is*. Well, now listen! You're anxious about me."

"You know how I feel, Bessie," said Mary Enderby, looking her in the eyes.

"Yes, I do," said Bessie. "The trouble is I don't know how *I* feel. But if I ever do, Molly, I'll tell you! Is that fair?"

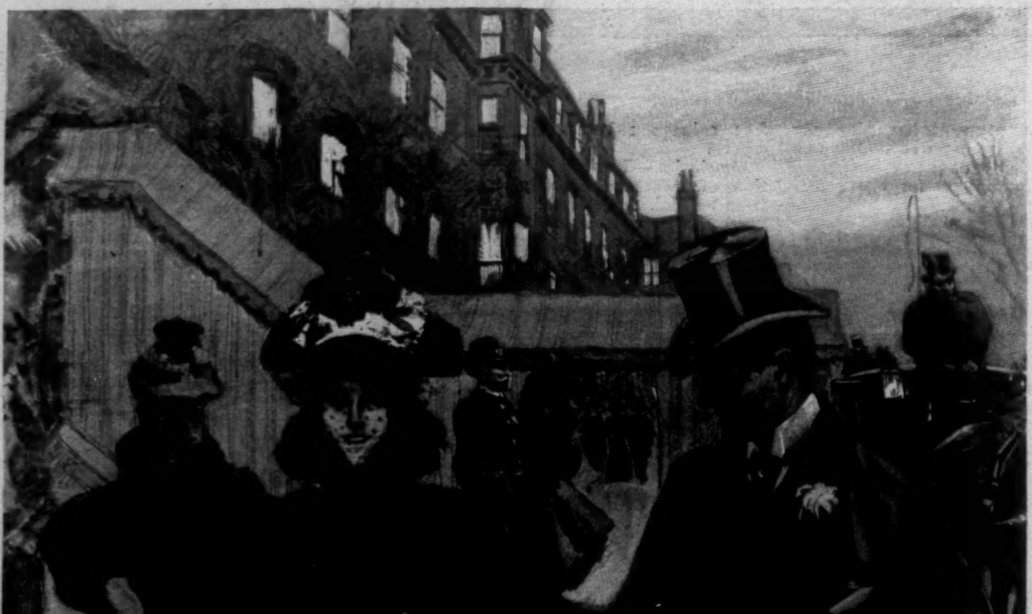
"Yes—"

"I'll give you ample warning. At the least little consciousness in the region of the pericardium, off will go a note by a district messenger, and when you come I'll do whatever you say. There!"

"Oh, Bessie!" cried her friend, and she threw her arms round her, "you always *were* the most fascinating creature in the world!"

"Yes," said Bessie, "that's what I try to have *him* think."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"HE REMAINED TALKING TO HER UNTIL SHE WENT AWAY, AND THEN HE CONTRIVED TO GO WITH HER."

THE POPE'S NEW DELEGATE.

As the successor of Cardinal Satolli, and the second Apostolic Delegate in this country, the Pope has chosen an Augustinian monk, the Most Reverend Archbishop Sebastiano Martinelli, Prior-General of the Order of Hermits of Saint Augustine. He is Archbishop *in partibus infidelium*—"in the regions of the unbeliever." When his Holiness made his choice Monsignor Martinelli was but a priest, and to give him requisite rank among the princes of the Church he was consecrated Archbishop on August 30 by the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla.

For the duties and discretions of his important office Monsignor Martinelli is peculiarly well fitted, speaking our language fluently, and having passed some years teaching at Rome in the convent of the Irish Augustinians, Santa Maria Posterula. All of which will make him *persona gratissima* to the majority of those with whose religious affairs he will deal while in this country.

The career of Monsignor Martinelli is interesting, and his rise has been rapid, for he is but in his forty-eighth year. His late elder brother, also a monk of the same order, was Cardinal Tommaso Maria Martinelli. At sixteen the younger Martinelli entered the order, and he was ordained on March 4, 1871. It is usual, before succeeding to the chief dignity of the order, for priests to pass through the minor offices of Prior and Provincial, but this was not the case with the new Delegate. He became Prior-General of the Augustinians in 1889, being reconfirmed for six years in 1895.

It is said that Monsignor Martinelli received somewhat sadly the news of his election to the office of Prior-General of the Augustinians, and twice did he refuse that of Papal Delegate, which his Holiness finally commanded him to accept. With his modesty he combines a singular and quiet charm of manner, and on his visit to this country two years ago he made many friends. He came to preside over the meeting of the chapter of his order held at Bryn-Mawr, Pennsylvania.

The new Delegate is described as a very intellectual-looking man, with dark hair and eyes, and about five feet seven inches in height. He is renowned for his learning, and has been Consulter in the Congregation of the Holy Office. He visited Ireland in 1891 to preside over the Irish chapter of the Augustinians.

SEBASTIANO MARTINELLI.
Cardinal Satolli's Successor.

M. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES'S NEW PANELS FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THE eminent French artist M. Puvis de Chavannes has just finished the three remaining panels that complete his decorative work for the monumental staircase hall of the Boston Public Library. In HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 18, 1895, was given a reproduction of the principal panel, "The Muses greeting the Genius of Enlightenment," and in the number of the same journal dated May 23 of this year was published the second series of five panels—Astronomy, History, and Pastoral, Dramatic, and Epic Poetry. To-day we present the last three panels, which have just been placed on exhibition at the Durand-Ruel Gallery in Paris for a few days previous to their shipment to Boston.

These three panels typify Philosophy, Chemistry, and Physics. To characterize the first one, M. Puvis de Chavannes has had recourse to Plato. He has represented the Greek philosopher in a vast garden ornamented with Ionic colonnades, and filled with forest trees and verdant hedges. While his other disciples meditate apart or discuss among themselves, Plato, standing in the foreground, explains to an attentive auditor his ideas upon the eternal conflict between spiritualism and materialism. His left hand rests upon the young man's arm, and by an instinctive gesture while talking to him he raises his right hand towards heaven. Upon the steep eminence of the Acropolis in the background the white colonnade of the Parthenon stands out in strong relief upon the pure blue sky.

Chemistry is symbolized by a fairy, whose delicately sculptured form, half concealed by a veil, rises in front of the spectator from an opening in the rocks. With a magic wand in her hand she presides over the mysterious experiments that three little winged deities are making in a retort placed upon the ground. In a large hole near by, the skeleton of an animal's head surrounded by luxuriant vegetation typifies the transformation of matter and its return to life by decomposition. Scattered at the side of one of the little deities are blocks of quartz and minerals, while another deity holds a branch of foxglove.

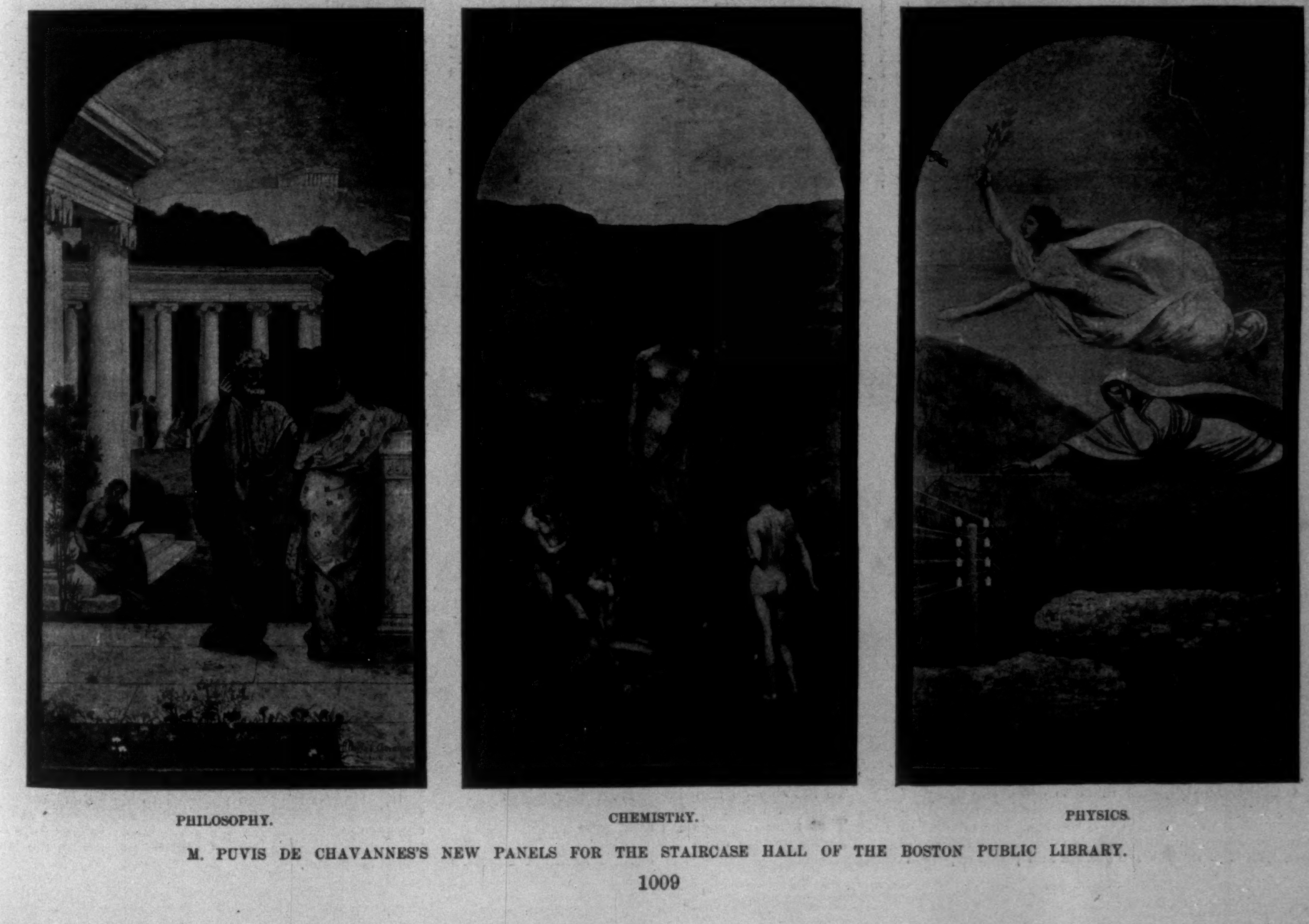
Physics is represented by electricity, which flies through space carrying good and bad news with lightninglike rapidity. These two messages are very happily symbolized by two female forms gliding through the air with arms extended above a line of telegraph wires that runs along the side of rocky mountains. The bearer of unwelcome news is clothed in a sombre robe, and conceals her face in her left hand; the fairy who carries glad tidings wears a white gown, and bears aloft a laurel branch.

Now that the work is complete, it may be well to recall the conditions under which it has been conceived and executed by the distinguished French artist. As no one is better able than the artist himself to enlighten the public on this subject, I have asked M. Puvis de Chavannes himself to tell the history of this splendid artistic production.

"Each time," said the artist, "that I am asked to undertake a new work my feelings are divided between the desire to produce a noble composition and an atrocious fear of spoiling it. This fear is so great that my faculties are completely paralyzed at the outset, and the dread continues until I have found the essential point or main idea of my work. For in decorative art it is not enough to have a subject; the subject must be conceived according to the very strict laws that govern this branch of art. The composition must be adapted, first of all, to the place it is to occupy when completed, and to be adapted so perfectly that the public cannot imagine, the main idea being accepted, another arrangement for the ensemble and another grouping of the figures. After having found the main idea, the greatest difficulty consists in determining this arrangement and grouping. This *tâtonnement* requires the longest time. When I have nothing left but the execution I feel as free as air, and work with a childish joy. It seems to me as though my hand moves alone, and I sing like a school-boy on vacation while manœuvring my pencil or brush.

"When I accepted Mr. McKim's proposal to execute a certain part of the decoration for the new Boston Public Library, I began by studying a reduced plan of the monumental stairway. In doing this I found that the entrance to the Library hall being on the first floor, the most important decorative panel, which is to cover the wall of the vestibule, would first be seen by the visitors as they mounted the stairway or remained on the first landing, half-way up. As the main corridor is supported by columns connected at their base by the parapet, the visitors at the foot of the stairway or on the first landing would not be able to see more than two-thirds of this principal panel, which is placed over a door, the rest being concealed by the parapet. It would consequently be necessary to group the figures in the upper part of this panel. This first rule established, I sought for the main idea of my composition. 'What is a public library?' I asked myself. 'It is the conservatory of human knowledge.' I must therefore glorify human knowledge. But in what form? I considered the different categories into which this knowledge is divided, and further asked myself what are the principal divisions. The reply was, 'Letters, and Science'; and in each one of these branches I found an infinitude of subdivisions. As place was wanting to glorify all these fractions, I was obliged to make a choice. I studied this question of choice for a long while. Without my reduced plan of the grand stairway I should never have been able to solve the problem. On the wall of the stairway itself there were eight arched panels to fill, each one distinctly separated from the other, and on the main corridor wall five arched, unequal surfaces, the centre space being broken by a door.

"The architect having given me liberty to unite or to



PHILOSOPHY. CHEMISTRY. PHYSICS.

M. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES'S NEW PANELS FOR THE STAIRCASE HALL OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

separate these surfaces, I decided to unite them, and to express in one leading composition the synthesis of my complete work, which I would develop in the separate panels. For the subject of this synthetic composition I fixed upon the Greek allegory of the nine Muses. Still, it would not be sufficient to simply portray the Muses; they must be united in some common act. After considerable hesitation I adopted the idea of representing human genius in human form, like the Muses. Thus my main idea became the Genius of Enlightenment greeted by the Muses for the knowledge he had brought them; but I found some difficulty in presenting this allegory in a concrete form, owing to the requirements of the wall surface that I had to cover.

Curiously enough, it was these very requirements that suggested a way out of the difficulty. I could only unite my five arched panels in one single composition by joining them at the top, the middle space being much shorter than the others; and as the stone wall is cut into regular festoons, I was obliged to paint skies in these arched spaces. So I determined to join them immediately under the arch by a straight line indicating the sea horizon, and to place the Genius in the centre arch, while the Muses would quit the earth and soar towards him at the sound of his voice. The composition would thus occupy two-thirds of the upper part of the space, and be readily seen and understood from the foot of the grand stairway. The greatest obstacle was overcome. For the separate panels I had only to take the Muses one by one and to incarnate the different kinds of poetry in such or such poet, and embody philosophy in Socrates or Plato. As for the sciences, they have been transformed and greatly enlarged since the Greeks. A choice being indispensable, I selected History, Astronomy, Physics, and Chemistry. To characterize these branches of human knowledge I was simply inspired by good sense. What is, for example, the most important element in physics? In Edison's country there can be but one reply—electricity. And what is the most striking manner in which electricity is used? For the transmission of news by telegraph. News is of two kinds, good and bad, and the incarnation of these two kinds in two different personages at once suggested itself. I aimed, above all, to express my idea simply."

Such is the artist's method epitomized by himself.

Thiebault Sisson.

"THE GEISHA."

In the present hour the most profitable form of theatrical entertainment is musical farce—mistakenly called comedy, for it lacks the moderation and verisimilitude of real comedy, and is, at its very best, only a whimsical mockery of life. When it is well done, however, musical farce is not to be despised, and *The Geisha* at Daly's is an example of musical farce done well. It appeals to the eye in a series of tastefully designed pictures, in which the profusion of harmoniously blended color in Japanese dresses and the tints of roses and chrysanthemums are happily contrasted. Its music is simple and sweet, and satisfies a not too sensitive ear. It is humorous, generally in a youthful and buoyant way, though there is an occasional hint of a double meaning in some passages of its text, which, I fancy, never bothers folks who discern it, and of course goes for naught with the others.

The story tells of a beautiful geisha (singing-girl) employed in a tea-house in Yokohama, whose charms fascinate a British naval officer. He is betrothed to an uncommonly bright and ingenious English girl, and, like the other sailor in the ballad, "his 'art is true to Poll," no matter how reprehensible his conduct may seem to be. The geisha, too, is not deceived by the honeyed words of her English lover. She has an officer of her own race (who sings tenor) for whom she preserves an unbroken heart. But the English young woman, who is in the Orient with a yachting party, thinks it best to see how things are going for herself. So she hides her fair hair under a varnished wig and becomes a tea-house geisha, and in that character she is purchased by a wicked and powerful marquis, who is determined to make her his wife—or one of his wives. Of course his villany is foiled.

The story does not matter much, though, for there is scarcely a suspicion of illusion in musical farce. What counts is the gayety and prettiness of it all. *The Geisha* was manufactured in England, as to its prose, by Owen Hall, who has drawn freely upon the humorous accumulations of his nation's literature; as to its verse, which is fluent and sprightly, by Henry Greenbank. The music was composed by Sidney Jones, excepting two taking songs by Lionel Monckton. The Japanese dresses are really of Japanese patterns, but it is not likely that the traveller in Japan ever sees such gorgeously colored pictures as the groups of principals and choristers make. The scenery, on the "back cloths" at least, represents actual views near Yokohama, but that does not make the spirit of the thing Japanese. One song, "Chon Kina," is remotely of Japanese origin—an adaptation of a melody associated with a children's game; some of the others remind you of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and others of the ordinary music-hall jingles.

A geisha (the word rhymes with Asia, and may be either singular or plural) is not a tea-house mousme, and is never regularly employed in a place of public entertainment. Her function is to be diverting by means of song, dance, and sprightly conversation. She mingles with all classes of society, and is well paid for her services.

The chief fault a blasé person would be likely to find with *The Geisha* is its prolixity. The long second act contains little to charm such a person, excepting the three songs—"The Jewel of Asia," "Click Click," and "The Parrot and the Canaries." But a few visits to Daly's will satisfy one that blasé persons do not predominate in the audiences. Every song, every dance, jest, and bit of comic "business," seems to be keenly relished.

The performance is all graceful and creditable. Dorothy Morton is a comely geisha, and sings pleasingly. Van Rensselaer Wheeler, Herbert Gresham, Edwin Stevens, Eric Scott, Neal McKay, and Helma Nelson carry their rôles well. William Sampson, who is likely to be promoted from the ranks of Mr. Daly's dramatic company this winter, has made a comic hit as a nimble and voluble Chinaman. But a new face, a new voice, a new manner, can generally be depended upon to catch the fancy of restless, changeable American theatre-goers, who are unlike their English cousins in this respect. The novelty in the performance of *The Geisha* is contributed by Violet Lloyd, who is of diminutive stature and piquant personality, and has seemingly artless manners. She sings well enough, and dances better, and she has become a "personage."

Edward A. Dithmar.

A SAND-STORM OF THE AMERICAN DESERT.

That the "Great American Desert" still exists, in spite of strenuous efforts on the part of certain politicians, railroad corporations, and other interested parties to obliterate it from the maps, is a fact only too well known to many thousands of disappointed settlers, army people, prospectors, and travellers over several lines of railway. Most especially is it in evidence on the route of the Southern Pacific road, which traverses its desolation for hundreds of miles, and whose tank cars for the transportation of water form an important item of equipment. It is true that portions of its unproductive lands are irrigable (at a vast expense), and may thus, in the distant future, be reclaimed to the uses of agriculture. At the same time, it is equally true that wide areas lie so remote from revivifying influences that, unless subjected to radical climatic changes, they must always remain desolate, wind-blown wastes, exhibiting the characteristics and phenomena of all deserts existing under similar conditions.

Of these desert phenomena none is more to be dreaded than that of the sand-storm, which, at certain seasons, sweeps, grandly terrible, and resistless, with suffocating envelopment and a pitiless hurling of stinging particles, across the arid plains of western Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and southern California east of the Sierras. It is the blizzard of the North with the breath of a furnace, stifling its victims with heat and choking them with impalpable dust, rather than numbing them with a deadly cold; a black death with sable plumes streaming to the heavens, instead of a white winding-sheet. Both attain their utmost power for evil when animate nature is least fitted to oppose them. The blizzard is the demon of winter, the sand-storm of such time when, parched with drought, the solid earth disintegrates, springs retreat into hidden caverns of the under world, and rock-ribbed watercourses, void of moisture, lie gaunt and empty beneath the brazen stare of cloudless skies. Vegetation has disappeared, save for such scanty fragments as crumble at a touch, and the very atmosphere simmers in heat waves that form mocking mirages, to fill the beholder with fantasies that prelude madness.

Under these conditions there comes a morning when the molten sky assumes a pallid hue, and as the day wears on an ashen haze veils the desolate landscape. This deepens and darkens until the round sun is but a blot of blood casting a baleful light, and the desert is hushed in an awful stillness. The gloom thickens, and the sun disappears behinds a blackness that, towering to unknown heights, spreading beyond the reach of vision, and enshrouding all things with its ominous folds, sweeps across the motionless plain. The heated air for miles in advance is sucked backward into its whirling vortex, and the loose sands in its path leap in gusty spirals to meet it.

With a thunderous roar the sand-storm hurls itself upon its victims, driving them before it with irresistible fury. No animate form may oppose it and live, but man or beast so ill fated as to be caught within its dread radius must submit to be driven forward like an autumn leaf, blinded, choked, and sorely lashed, until some sheltering lee is reached or the fury of the storm is exhausted. If he stumbles and falls or sinks through weakness, he is lost, and the skeletons of former victims are stripped of their heaped covering to furnish him a sepulchre.

Although the sand-storm is generally of short duration, it sometimes lasts for hours, and has been known to rage for days with unabated fury. While thus exercising its evil powers it destroys life and changes the whole aspect of the country over which it sweeps, moving hills and valleys to new positions, filling dry watercourses, burying the little oases nourished by infrequent springs, and obliterating trails. In the old days of slow-moving wagon trains it was a menace and a calamity, while even in this era of railroads it brings distress and peril to the traveller. It fills the most carefully protected cars with its stifling dust, blocks the track with heavy drifts, cuts down telegraph poles with its rasp of flinty particles, grinds clear glass into opaqueness, and in a thousand ways renders life miserable and a burden.

Kirk Munroe.

ODE TO BRYAN.

All hail to thee, O son of Æolus!
All hail to thee, most high Borean lord!
The lineal descendant of the Winds art thou.
Child of the Cyclone,
Cousin to the Hurricane,
Tornado's twin,
        All hail!
The zephyrs of the balmy south
        Do greet thee;
The eastern winds, great Boston's pride,
In manner osculate caress thy massive cheek;
The icy blasts of regions arctical
        Freeze onto thee,
And at thy word throw off congealment
And take on a soft caloric mood;
And from afar,
From Afric's strand,
Siroccan greetings come to thee!
The monsoon and simoom,
In the soft empurpled Orient,
At mention of thy name
Doff all the hats of Heathendom!
And all combined in one vast aggregation,
Cry out hail, hail, thrice hail to thee,
Who after years, and centuries, and cycles e'en,
Hast made the winds incarnate!
        To thee
        The visible expression in the flesh,
        Material and tangible,
Of all that goes to make the element
That rages, blusters, blasts, and blows!
And if the poet's mind speaks true,
If he can penetrate their purposes at all,
It is not far from their intent
To lift thee on their broad November wings
        So high
That none but gods can ever hope
Again to gaze upon thy face!

John Kendrick Bangs.

BORN IN NEW YORK.

New York city is the birthplace of several expressions that have been for many years current all over the world. These expressions are not the outcome of scholarly thought and culture. Although our professional men have dutifully and generously aided in the circulation and ennoblement of neologisms foreign born, the apt yet unstudied offerings of the untutored workman have held their own in literature as well as in every-day speech, while many labored results of learned mind-workers and would-be mint-masters of words have lived but long enough to be named.

It is hardly fair to credit New York with the origin of the word *boodle;* yet in its present sense of plunder that claim must be allowed. The Dutch *boedel*, meaning property, wealth, is its parent, although it may have come to us from the Scotch *bodle*, the name of a piece of money worth the fraction of a farthing. But *divvy* is of New York, without a doubt, and had its birth in the City Hall. One of the aldermen sprung it upon his colleagues in a discussion held about fifteen years ago, and the word, although the illegitimate offspring of the verb *divide*, is not only passed as current among the pothouse politicians, but is actually recognized by some writers for the press as a good word.

Locofoco is another New-Yorker by birth, although it no longer holds a place in the ordinary politician's list of vocables. Yet we find it in the printed page of the *Record* of only a few years back, and regard it with as much respect as we pay to *omnibus, mob*, and a score of other "parts of speech" once tabooed as slang. The birth of *locofoco* occurred in the early thirties, at a time when Tammany Hall was what is now the *Sun* building, at Frankfort Street and Park Row. The meetings of the unterrified Democracy were then held in a large hall on the second floor. On the occasion of one of these meetings, and at a very critical moment in the early history of the Democratic party, the lights were put out by the more radical faction of the party, and the patriots were in darkness.

The incident was not entirely unexpected, and those present were well supplied with candles, which they lighted by means of "lucifers," those early, ill-smelling friction matches. In this manner the business of the meeting was in due time completed. On the following day a Whig paper, in commenting upon the incident, took occasion to poke fun at the men of Tammany by charging that in their hour of distress they clamored for *locofocos*, and added insult to slander by giving to the members of the meeting the name of the matches as now first corrupted. The title "Locofoco" clung to the Democratic party for many long years after that.

In later days, but in the same building, the word *mugwump* had its origin. This was in an editorial article in the *Sun* written by its editor-in-chief, Charles A. Dana. Like nearly all political names, it is a nickname, and is a term of contempt, although in the Indian language, from which it is said to have been derived by the joining of two independent syllables, the word has the dignity of a title of honor, whatever its sound may be. It means "great captain."

The word *boss*, which came into common use during the *régime* of William M. Tweed, is the Dutch *baas*—master. In the language to which it belongs it is much used in composition. Thus, *timmerman baas* is a master carpenter; and a preacher is in Dutch merely a church boss.

Only a few years ago public attention began to be called to the prevalence of the various forms of vice in what was then considered the choicest residential part of the city. A newspaper reporter named the region the "Tenderloin district," and as such it is destined to be known for a long time to come, while the name *tenderloin* will do duty similarly in other towns as they grow more like the city in their notable characteristics.

Porter is the name given in London more than a century ago to a very dark and heavy beer much fancied by porters and other out-door workmen. The word and the thing came to New York in due time, and porter was soon in demand as a beverage among the wharfmen, truckmen, and 'longshoremen engaged on the river-fronts of the east and west sides of the city. One taverner in Burling Slip became famous for the porter he sold, and his place gradually gained the distinction of being *the* porter-house of the town. In course of time he added all the facilities of a hotel to his "public," and increased its reputation by furnishing his customers a steak such as they could get nowhere else. They called it the "porter-house steak," and by that name a particularly choice cut of the steak part of a steer is known everywhere.

Where that queer curvilinear street named Pearl intersects Park Row (once known as Chatham Street) was in the old time a very interesting part of New York city. Here the water from the Lispenard Meadows used to make its final turn and rush into the Collect where the Tombs stands to-day; and here, crossing Chatham Street, was a bridge to help the wayfarer across the stream. (There was another such bridge over the same stream where Canal Street and Broadway intersect). At the southwest corner of Pearl and Chatham streets, about fifty years ago, a furnishing store was established, and as an inducement to the public to come in and be served this sign was erected on the north side of the building:

"SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF
WEARING CLEAN SHIRTS."

The sign is still in its old place, and the business done in the old building is the same as that carried on there in 1845. A few doors below, on Park Row, where musical instruments were sold by Moses Jacobs in the same year, the number 110 graced the entrance, but to-day it has changed to 140; yet a Jacobs is there still, and he sells the same kind of accordion, fiddle, guitar, or banjo that the countryman of half a century ago bought of his predecessor. But the passer-by does not see at the entrance what the wayfarer of 1845 saw—a big square sign bearing this legend in fat black letters:

"I AM THE ORIGINAL JACOBS.
THE MAN CROSS THE WAY IS NOT ME."

This was the "Original Jacobs"—the American Simon Pure. He was long ago gathered to his fathers, but the two significant words that graced the warning sign at the entrance to his music-shop are a part of the literature of the language, and no doubt will be so long as the language is spoken.

THE SEPTEMBER HURRICANE.

WEATHER BUREAU orders to hoist hurricane signals along the Gulf and Atlantic coasts are not infrequent in the autumn. Violent storms formed in the tropics, through the change of seasons, start toward the North and lash themselves to pieces on land or at sea, almost on the uppermost limits of the temperate zone. Three years ago two such storms swept our Southern coasts, drowning thousands on the lowlands.

Such a storm was that of September 29 and 30 of this year. It began in the Caribbean Sea, southeast of Cuba, on September 26. Warning and then hurricane signals were sent out promptly by the Weather Bureau. Shipping made itself snug in the Southern ports. The warnings could not reach scores of small craft. The Southern coast settled itself for a blow, and anxiously dreaded the results. On September 28 the edges of the cyclone were off the southwestern coast of Florida. The storm then began to contract its limits, and this added to its strength as it whirled in its spiral dance along the western edge of Florida. Early on the morning of September 29 it struck the mainland just where the great long peninsula of Florida begins. Its path was probably not more than one hundred miles wide. The centre of the storm moved north through southeastern Georgia, central South Carolina, central North Carolina, and in twenty-four hours had reached southwestern Virginia. It crossed the Alleghanies in southern Pennsylvania, and then swept to the Northwest, where it met another storm of a similar nature, but of no such destructive force. The two storms mingled. The storm from the South spread in area, and its power of destruction was gone. It disappeared over the Great Lakes, and was lost in northern Canada.

By the time the storm reached Virginia it was known that it had caused enormous loss of property and considerable loss of life. Telegraph-lines became silent south of Washington. Early on the morning of September 30, however, messages from Savannah told of a million-dollar loss of property in that city. Despatches from other places began to arrive in roundabout ways late on that day, saying that through Florida and Georgia the storm had killed a dozen persons here, a half-dozen there, and so on. Many of these were school-children. Thousands of buildings were unroofed, tens of thousands of trees were blown down, and scores of persons were killed in this destruction.

Finally the wires began to work slowly, and it remained to get news of the monster wave that it was known must have followed the winds along the coasts. Cedar Keys, Florida, a town of 1200 inhabitants, was still unheard from; and the famous Sea Islands on the South Carolina coast, where hundreds were drowned three years ago, were still out of the world. The indications were that scores, if not hundreds, were lost on these islands. On October 2 Cedar Keys was heard from. The first despatch said that the town was half destroyed, that at least a score of bodies had been recovered, and that there had been an enormous loss of life among the sponge-fishermen along the western Florida coast.

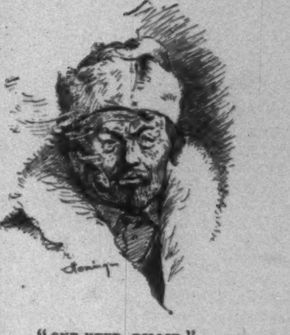
At this writing that was all that had been heard from the places that suffered most.

Full details from Georgia and States to the north showed an unusual amount of destruction for an autumn cyclone. Especially violent was the storm along the Savannah River and also in Washington. Hundreds of trees went down in the capital, many buildings were injured, and dozens of pretty parks and breathing-places littered with wreckage.

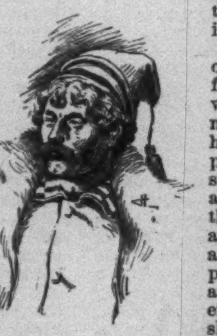
By October 1 it was possible to count up a loss of life in the path of the storm amounting to more than one hundred persons. That was before Cedar Keys and the Sea Islands were heard from. It is probable that when full returns are received of the sweep of this Caribbean seaboard hurricane across the eastern edge of the United States, it will become known as one of the most destructive as well as one of the most fatal of these furious autumn storms.

HUNTING BIG GAME WITH A PENCIL.

THE winter feeding-ground of the moose—the largest, most ungainly, and decidedly the wariest of the deer family—is commonly called a "moose-yard." The conditions of a yard vary according to the condition of the snow and the variety of the bush wherein it is found. Usually the moose select the side of a gradually sloping and thickly wooded hill, where there is an abundance of shrubs and of young evergreens, on which they feed, for they are almost exclusively wood eaters, and where the sombre depths of the forest afford an excellent hiding-place. Early in the winter, when the fallen leaves are mantled with a few inches of snow, and when a thin crust of ice has formed on the dark, quiet "backwaters" of the river, the young bulls, cows, and calves congregate in small bands, each seldom comprising more than half a dozen, on their new feeding-grounds. There, in a few weeks' time, they are often imprisoned until spring, owing to the heavy snowfalls which choke the forest to the depth of five or six feet.



"ONE-EYED, BILLIE."



THE PORTAGE TEAMSTER.

After the rutting season, in September, the old bulls become more solitary in their habits than the rest of their kind, and prefer roaming about as long as the depth of the snow will permit; but as the winter advances they are at last forced to take shelter in the yards, for the untrodden paths of the woods are soon impassable.

As a preventive of a scarcity of food during the winter months, the moose generally have at their disposal two yards, situated from half a mile to two or three miles apart, and connected by a "runway." This path, which is used as an exit from either yard at the slightest sign of approaching danger, is well broken, and as the herd vacate one yard for the other every few weeks, it is constantly used throughout the winter.

As the moose inhabits a range of country that sweeps from the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the east to the Mackenzie River in the northwest, it is impossible, owing to the

(*Continued on page 1012.*)

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is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, N. Y. City.—[*Adv.*]

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Legal Notices

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENTS IN THE CITY RECORD, commencing respectively on the 3d and 10th days of September, 1896, and continuing therein for nine (9) days, following each of the above dates, of the confirmation of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following, in the 12TH WARD: PUBLIC PARK, at junction of Avenue St. Nicholas, 7th Avenue, and 117th Street.

23D AND 24TH WARDS: BROOK AVENUE, from East 165th Street to Wendover Avenue.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.

City of New York, Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, September 12, 1896.

Hold their place in the front rank of the publications to which they belong.—*Boston Journal*, Feb. 19, 1896.
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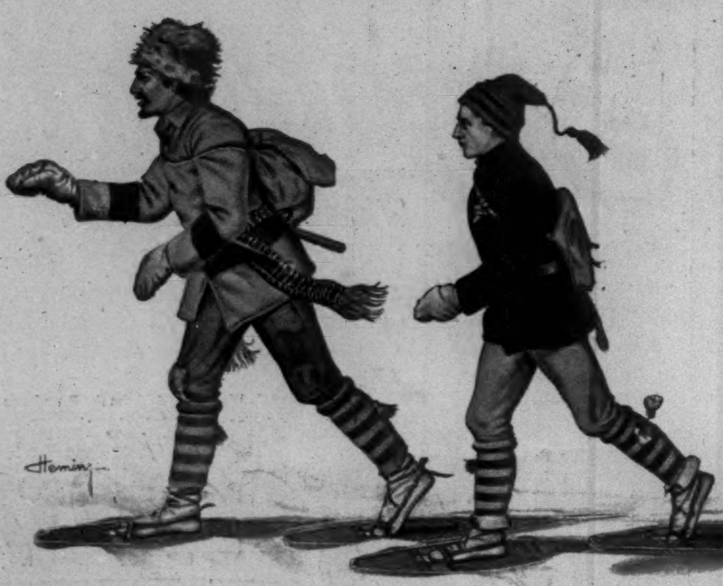


"WE PUSHED AHEAD RAPIDLY OVER THE TRAIL."

(*Continued from page 1011.*)

varying aspects of its habitat, to describe with any accuracy a typical moose-yard.

The preliminary sketch for my drawing of "A Moose-yard" was made near Lake Kippewa, in Quebec, and the illustration is characteristic of the yards found there and in northern Ontario. It depicts a country where that monarch of the forest the majestic white pine, from its commanding position on the mountain-side, looks down upon the balsam, the spruce, the poplar, and the birch at its foot, while far down in the valley the willow, the cedar, and the towering tamarack overshadow the silent river as it flows beneath its covering of snow and ice.

All herbaceous vegetation being deeply covered by the snow, the moose must look to deciduous trees and shrubs for his winter diet, of which the many species of maple, birch, poplar, witch-hazel, willow, and mountain-ash form part of his bill of fare. Should this supply fail, he crops the tender branches of the young balsam, spruce, or silver-fir. The limits of the yard enclose a maze of hard-trodden zigzag tracks, closely resembling trenches, and punctured with small post-holes at regular distances of about three feet apart. These trails radiate in all directions, some crossing little openings in the wood, others running around bowlders and intersecting clumps of bushes, leading up hill and down.

As every fresh fall of snow is packed to about half its original depth, so will the depth of the trail indicate about half the depth of the unpacked snow. The ridges that rise between the foot-holes are generally sufficiently firm to allow a man to run upon them without snow-shoes; but should he miss his footing, or step out of the trail, he would sink to his middle in the soft snow.

On both sides of the paths the shrubs are eaten down to within a few inches of the snow, and owing to his short neck and long legs, the moose is obliged to kneel down in order to feed upon the lower twigs. When he wishes to reach the upper branches of a sapling he "rides it down"—*i. e.*, he forces it over by straddling the trunk with his fore legs, and by gradually working his way along the stem until the topmost boughs are within his reach. Although I have visited many moose-yards in different parts of Canada, I have never seen one that in the least resembles those so often described by story-writers—as, "The snow being packed as hard as a floor for an acre or so"—for in reality the snow in the yard is as soft as that of any part of the bush, except in the trenches and in a few spots under the dense branches of the evergreen, or out in the open where the moose has lain down to rest.

While in the upper Ottawa River country three winters ago I set out in company with a half-breed hunter to visit a neighboring yard. The snow was very deep, but in the thinly wooded sections of the bush the sun's rays had penetrated the dark foliage enough to form a slight crust on the surface, making snow-shoeing easy. When we reached the yard we found that the outer tracks were old; and when my half-breed, Joe, stooped down to examine the tracks, he said that, judging by the light fall of snow in the trail, it was two days and a half since the moose had passed. By blowing the powdery flakes aside, he saw in which direction the toeprints pointed.

So we followed the trail, which ran away among the trees and disappeared in the soft gray shadows. Trails presently became more numerous, and Joe soon espied a fresh one, which indicated that our quarry had passed there not half an hour before. We had nothing with us except a couple of small hunting-axes, for my purpose was not to kill but to sketch the moose. With that object we intended to run them down, and it concerned us very little whether the moose got wind of us or not. Pushing ahead rapidly, we observed that they were alarmed and had set off on a brisk trot.

After running for about a quarter of an hour, in which time we had crossed the yard twice, we came out on the "runway," which had not been used since the last heavy fall of snow. Apparently the moose had had a very hard time in floundering through this as well as breaking the crust. The runway traversed an exceedingly rough country, for it repeatedly crossed deep ravines; but after a three-mile chase we entered the second yard. Joe advised me to hide behind some bushes that stood on the windward side and about twenty feet from the trail, so that I might see them when they returned. As he set off at a vigorous pace, I had not long to wait. The snap of a twig was all the warning I had; and a moment later a bull moose, two calves, and a cow swept into view. They were going at a swinging trot, with their great ugly "muffles" pointing straight out, and the bull's head thrown well back, so that his huge antlers spread out on each side, as with swaying motion of his head he worked his way between the trees. It was but a flash, and they were gone. It took us over an hour before we succeeded in "winding" the cow. The bull and calves, although they were pretty well played out, moved off whenever we tried to approach them.

The moose is not only the largest of our deer, but the largest living representative of the family as yet discovered in any country. Although in form very similar to the Swedish elk, he differs from it in color, being much darker.

Twice a year, in spring and fall, he changes his coat, the latter pelage being a glossy black, gradually growing lighter as the season advances. This glossy black coat, however, is worn only when the moose is in his prime, for with increasing age the coat grows lighter, until it is often an ashy gray. The hair is very brittle, and the neck is covered with a thick bristly mane.

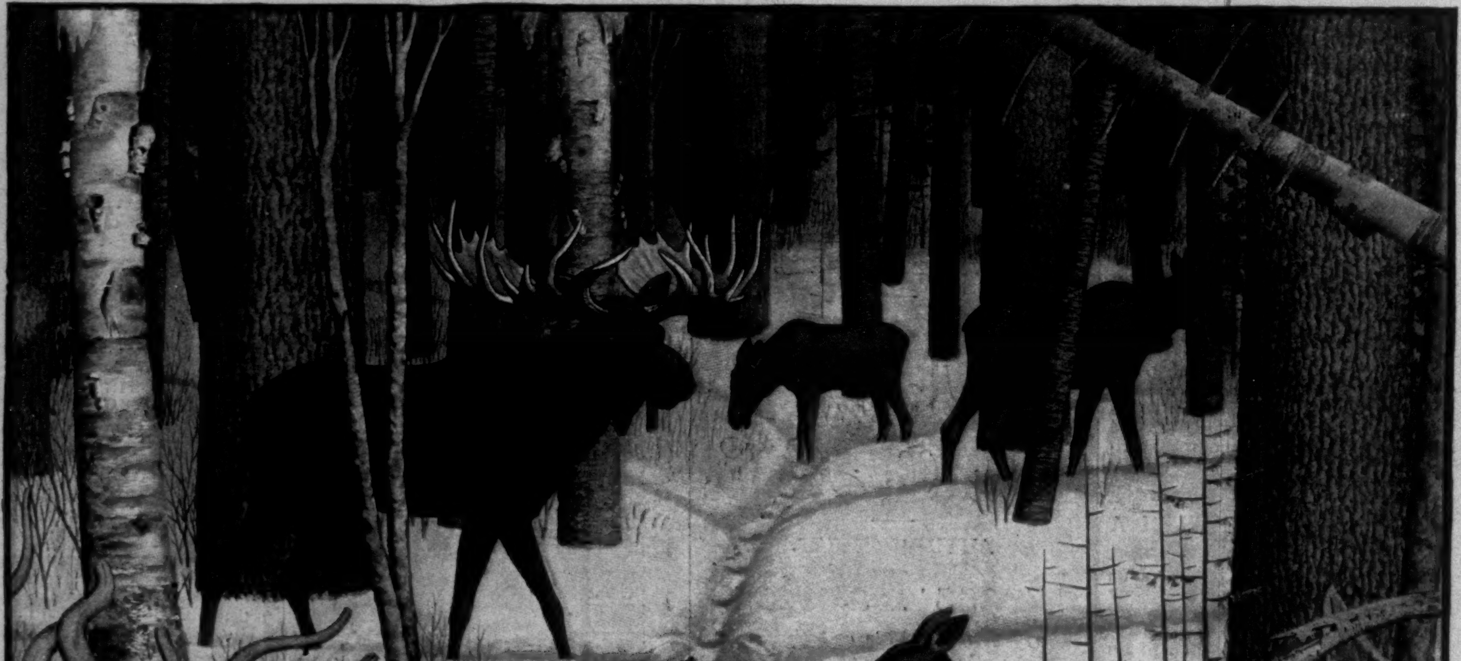
The antlers, which are shed annually, in December or January, and which again sprout in May, grow to a great size, often measuring from three and a half to five and a half feet across. I have heard, indeed, of a pair seven feet eight inches from tip to tip.

Moose are easily tamed if captured when quite young, and they soon become reconciled to captivity. They have frequently been broken to drive to a carriage, and, with their great ground-covering stride, they can with comparative ease outdistance a horse. I know of an instance where a bull moose trotted twenty miles in sixty-three minutes. The beast was driven to a sulky, and made the run on a rough country road.

Comparatively few people are aware of the immense amount of butchery that is going on every winter, provincial game laws notwithstanding. It will be but a very few years before the last of our grandest game shall have disappeared, unless the hand of that fiend the "crust-hunter" is stayed.

Although the hunting season has been closed for the last four or five years in Ontario, the slaughter has not been perceptibly affected. If a game-warden would only take a trip, incognito, through northern Ontario and Quebec in February or March, he would find that half the settlers' platters are provided with moose steak. If he dined with the shanty foreman he would feast on moose steak, while the waitress of the frontier hotel would unhesitatingly serve him with the same.

ARTHUR H. H. HEMING.



THE MOOSE-YARD NEAR LAKE KIPPEWA, IN QUEBEC.—DRAWN BY ARTHUR H. H. HEMING.

AMATEUR · SPORT

GOLFING GOSSIP FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

MODES OF COMPETITION.

Since the last instalment of golfing gossip from Great Britain the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews has decided its tournament for the Jubilee Cup, with the result that Mr. W. F. Blackwell, receiving four strokes from scratch, has become the holder of the cup for the year, beating Mr. T. Boothby fairly easily in the final. Probably Mr. Blackwell was a little too lightly treated by the handicappers. But it is not the result so much as the method of competition that is noticeable. This tournament for the Jubilee Cup is under handicap; the handicapping is done by giving strokes at certain named holes. The Calcutta Cup is also played for by tournament, under handicap; it is a prize, like the Jubilee Cup, in the possession of the Royal and Ancient Club; yet in the Calcutta Cup competition the handicapping is done by giving holes up to start with. Then, besides these tournament competitions, which are comparatively of recent institution, the Royal and Ancient Club has its old-established medals, which are won by the lowest score of a single round of eighteen holes. Now when we of the younger clubs want to know the best methods of arranging our prize competitions we naturally look to the Royal and Ancient Club, and, in a spirit of pious imitation, prepare to adopt its methods, but are confronted at once by the trouble that these methods are manifold. It gives us no definite answer as to which is best, which the truest test of golf. If it gives any answer, it is that a variety of method is pleasing, and perhaps we ought to be content with this; at the same time it does appear, looking at the matter without prejudice, as if there ought to be some one established way which was the best, in spite of the pleasure which variety constantly affords. But we look at the bigger competitions, at the open and amateur championships, and there too we see the same diversity of opinion, the same absence of any definite answer; the open championship is decided by the score of seventy-two holes, the amateur championship by the tournament plan. In the States your open championship, I believe, is decided in the same way as our open competition, but for our amateur event we have adopted a different method—a preliminary qualifying test, as we may call it, by score, and a subsequent tournament between a certain number of the lowest scorers; and our method is so good that there has been some serious talk of adopting it for our great amateur competition also. There is much to be said in its favor. We here suffer terrible things from the "hazard of the draw," as it is phrased. In one part of the round we see two very possible champions condemned to "Kilkenny-cat work" on each other in the very first heat, while a third likely winner may have comparatively small fry to swallow up during every heat until the final. Such injustices have happened, and are liable to happen again.

On the other hand, we have a strong sentiment in favor of playing the game by match-play, wherein man is pitted against man, seeing at each stroke what he has to play against and what he has to beat. Match-play, as has been often said, is the original and proper form of golf, bringing out the qualities of nerve—the personal element, which is not present, in an equal degree, in the game by score. Doubtless, from one point of view, the score-play is even more trying to the nerve, for the scorer is continually haunted by the dread of committing some irrevocable *faux pas* which shall doom his chances beyond hope of recovery. It becomes no mere matter of "lost hole, and a fair start for the next one"; but the sum of a double-figure hole has to be added to the hideous total at the finish. It appears, therefore, that the answer to the question, "Which is the best form of competition?" involves a choice of evils. Neither plan is perfect; the best wisdom is to choose the least imperfect, and perhaps the compromise of a joint score-play and match-play, such as the States adopt, cannot be improved on. But, for all that, we have once or twice seen this method play strange tricks. Over here, at Aberdeen, it has resulted in the exclusion of one, if not two, of the players who were really the first favorites, and their public form the strongest of the whole entry list. It may be urged, however, that sometimes the most consistent golfers, like Homer, are caught napping, and that in this somnolent state they would have been knocked out as readily in a match tournament as under scoring conditions. The only thing is that the scoring conditions are especially conducive to this state of somnolence. Perhaps the Homers would not have nodded under the emulous spur of match-play; but on that point the lines of argument might be various.

But, after all, there remains "another way," as the historical phrase of the cookery-book goes, which, for a curious reason, has never been given a fair trial in a big competition. It is the plan associated with the ominous name of "bogie." The name is ominous, not only because it suggests the services of the Psychical Research Society, but also because it so happens that for purposes of practical utility it carries its own death-warrant.

Golf, especially as conceived by the Scotch player of the old school, is a game of great solemnity; no levity is to be introduced into its pursuit; and to conduct an important competition on a method which is stigmatized by such a ridiculous name as "bogie" would be an outrage which could never be tolerated on this reverential spirit. It is another case of "give a dog a bad name and hang him." "Bogie," once christened, was as good as extinct, yet he was not always "bogie." Years ago, before an impious Sassenach at Coventry invented the plan of having a score set down for each hole, against which score each player in the competition was to contend, just as if the score had been made by his opponent—this system was invented long ago by a Scotchman at Elie, and there it was named, with fitting propriety, "the ground score." Against this ground score men went out to play, reckoning the result as if the contest had been a match by holes, just as they now go out to play against "bogie." The system was exactly the same; a number of competitors could be brought together for purpose of comparison in a single round, the winner being he who was most holes up, or fewest down, to the "ground score." Surely this is a good mode of competition; it has some of the advantages of playing by score, in that it enables many players to compare the results of their round, and at the same time it is free from the great disadvantage of the scoring plan—that a man has hanging over him, all the while he is playing, the paralyzing sense that if a single stroke goes astray he may lose, not, as in a match play, a single hole, but his whole chances of making a tolerable return.

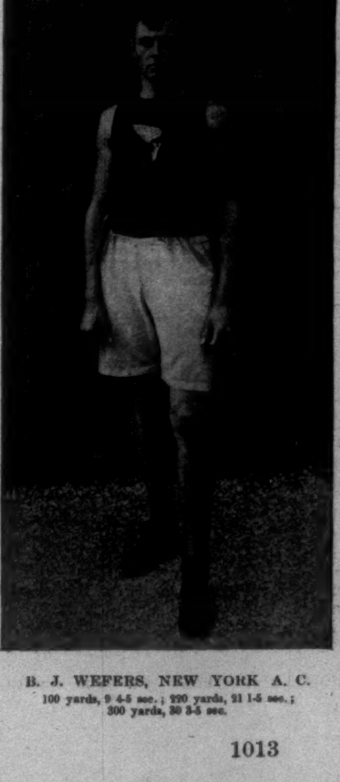
Of course there is no doubt that men allow this sense of the sword of Damocles, imminent upon them in a scoring competition, to paralyze them beyond all reasonable degree; but then your golfer never is an entirely reasonable being; very possibly he would not be a golfer if he were. The fact that the paralysis exists is enough; that there should be no rational basis for its existence makes matters not the least bit better for the sufferer. But the paralytic has no *raison d'être*, or excuse for himself, under the "bogie" plan. He plays against the "bogie" as if it were some merely mortal foe, and even if he be worsted by a hole or two by the demon, it is still possible for him to be the winner in the human competition. In fine, it is a good system for bringing men together; and it would not be at all amiss if we were to see it substituted for some of the scoring competitions which are much more in vogue—substituted, maybe, for that preliminary qualifying scoring competition which precedes the tournament for the American amateur championship. But before we can get the system really seriously considered over here, we must change its name. "Bogie" will not do for the old Scotch golfer, who takes his game with reverence. "The ground score" was all very well; it was respectful, and it described the plan very much more adequately than this "bogie," which is an antiquated survival of an age of animism. In the mean time the American amateur championship gets on very well as it is; better perhaps than our own, into which a certain number of the halt and the maimed and the blind enter, and are not eliminated by any process of competition previous to the tournament itself. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

London, *September 18, 1896.*

However tamely the athletic season may have begun, there can be no doubting the brilliancy of its ending. Had the year 1896 afforded naught but the remarkable running of Wefers, it would yet remain, in some respects, the most notable in our remembrance. America has produced many record-making runners, but never has the amateur athletic world beheld a sprinter with the speed and consistency of Wefers. Two years ago he was practically unknown. Beyond a little local reputation he had created no considerable stir in the field of athletics. Last year, on the occasion of the dual games between teams of the London Athletic Club and the New York Athletic Club, he gave the first real evidence of his wonderful speed by beating not only Crum, who had already attained quite a reputation by winning the Inter-collegiate 100 yards easily in even time (10 seconds), but by successively defeating the Englishmen Bradley and Downer, generally considered invincible at their respective distances, 100 and 220 yards.

Last spring Wefers renewed his triumphal course on the track by placing to the credit of Georgetown College, which meantime he had entered, the Inter-collegiate 100 and 220 yard events.

But it remained for this autumn season, more particularly the last four weeks, to reveal his capabilities. Whether he has reached his limit of attainment it is hard to say, since an athlete who is equal to repeating his best previous performance at almost every attempt, and of bettering it when pushed, may scarcely be said to have a limit. Certainly the running of Wefers since his first record-making last autumn has been nothing short of marvellous. He has run 100 yards at least twice in 9⅘ sec., the world's record, with which only one other amateur, John Owen, Jun., has ever been credited; he has covered 75 yards in 7⅗ sec., 220 yards in the world's record time of 21⅕ sec., 300 yards in 30⅗ sec., also the world's record for an amateur, and but ⅗ of a second slower than the time of that famous professional Hutchins, who established his astonishing record of 30 sec. for the same distance eleven years ago. How notable was Wefers's performance in this event may be judged by citing the previous records of 31⅗ sec., and 31⅕ sec., held by A. R. Downer and C. G. Wood, two of the fastest sprinters in English athletic history.



B. J. WEFERS, NEW YORK A. C.
100 yards, 9 4-5 sec.; 220 yards, 21 1-5 sec.; 300 yards, 30 3-5 sec.

Wefers's most recent record-making attempt was at the games of the New York Athletic Club, where he ran 120 yards in 11⅘ sec., which is ⅕ of a second faster than the previous American amateur record, made by Lon Myers in '82, and ⅕ of a second slower than the present English amateur record held by C. A. Bradley, and made in '93. The world's professional record for this distance is 11½ sec., made by Seward so far back as 1847. Besides this array of records, Wefers ran a quarter in 49 to 49⅕ sec. at the time Burke beat him in 48⅘ sec. for the championship 440 yards, last month. Wefers's style has never been excelled by any sprinter, and equalled only by Wendell Baker, of Harvard, and Harry Brooks, of Yale. It is the perfection of grace and power. His legs work like piston-rods, and his running is as true as though he were indeed a piece of exquisitely balanced machinery. To stand behind the tape and watch him coming down the straight is to see a great burst of speed maintained to the very end without a falter.

Since he ran Burke so close for the quarter, many believe that the record for this distance also is at his mercy if he trains for it. With his strength and speed, there is no reason why it should not be, and yet thus far 350 yards appears to be the limit to which he can carry his top speed. There has never been so favorable a time as this autumn, while he and Burke are yet in training, for an assault on the long-standing quarter-mile record. And it is safe to say that such a race as these two would make at that distance has never been seen. Before the season is too far spent, an effort should be made to bring them together on a straightaway track, for it is problematical whether either in another year will retain the top form at which both seem now to be.

T. E. BURKE, BOSTON A. A.
440 yards, 48 4-5 sec.; 600 yards, 1 min. 11 sec.

Burke is also a runner whose possibilities seem not to be entirely known. His best time for the quarter is 48⅘ sec., which he made in the Amateur Athletic Union championships last month at Manhattan Field, when he beat Wefers by from three to four yards. But he has been running quarters in time around 49 sec. for about two years, and whenever challenged, in the last fifty yards has always had abundant speed and power in reserve. What he can really do in the quarter must remain a matter of speculation until he and Wefers meet in a dual contest. What he can do at 600 yards he effectually demonstrated at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club games by covering the distance in 1 min. 11 sec., and breaking the old record held jointly by Lon Myers and W. C. Downes, of America, and E. C. Bredin, of England. His strength may be appreciated by knowing that on this record-making run he did the quarter in 51 sec. The range of his prowess is more limited than Wefers's, but within that range he certainly has no compeer at 600 yards, and it is exceedingly doubtful if even Wefers can beat him in the 440 yards. His style is much better adapted for the quarter than is Wefers's; he has power to last to the very end, and, what is equally important, is plentifully supplied with "sand."

The games of the autumn season have shown a gratifying revival of interest in club athletics, that cannot be too carefully nourished. And if the clubs are wise they will profit by the experience of past follies, and hold to a wholesome course. Athletic incubators have had their day, and proved their worthlessness so far as the healthful prosperity of the sport is concerned. The wise club officials will henceforth abandon them, and employ only natural means to the end of athletic activity. Probably the coming of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club has been one of the best things to befall track athletics in the last five years. It has put another competitor for club honors in a field that, at least round about New York, practically contained but two, the New York A. C. and the New Jersey A. C., but, best of all, it has furnished us with a powerful organization whose athletic sponsors are determined to have a team built upon a wholesome basis. It is not likely this club will figure very prominently in the distribution of honors for a year or so against its more thoroughly equipped rivals; but adherence to sound, healthful methods must and will win out in the end, and I predict an equal share for the K. A. C. within three years. Meanwhile its example to other clubs and its influence upon athletes are of incalculable value in the general furtherance of our sport.

Any club is unwise in devoting its sole attention to stars, to the disregard of that great body of the second class. There always comes a day when stars lose their brilliancy, or go out altogether, and then the need of worthy recruits is made regretfully apparent. In the recognition of this patent fact lies the most encouraging sign of the present season's results. All the clubs have bent their energies to the betterment of the recruiting field and development of the second-grade material. No club has given more tangible evidence of the excellence of this work than the New York A. C. Its team at the A. A. U. championships, at its own games, and, in fact, wherever it has appeared, has shown a praiseworthy result in this direction. There yet remains much to criticise, chief of which is the unrestricted training-table accorded its performers, and the enrolment of athletes of other districts; but Rome was not made in a day, and we hail the slight indications of a better spirit with thankfulness. If the officials of the Amateur Athletic Union had the courage of their convictions, we should have a speedy adjustment of these matters, but as they have not, we must patiently await the dominance of sound sense in athletic-club legislation. That we shall not wait in vain seems more likely now than at any time in the past five years.

AND YET RELIEF seems discouragingly distant when our oldest and strongest club values point-winning above the health of American athletics, and our Union views transgressions of its rules with complacency. For the recent Amateur Athletic Union championships at Manhattan Field seven men were entered (and accepted), in open defiance of A. A. U. rules, in the name of the New York Athletic Club—F. P. Garven, L. P. and R. Sheldon, B. J. Wefers, G. R. Gray, G. W. Orton, and A. G. Remington, three of whom, Wefers, Gray, and Orton, won four events.

Garven and the Sheldons are enrolled at Yale, the first from Hartford, Connecticut, the last two from Rutland, Vermont. Wefers lives at Lawrence, Massachusetts (despite the subterfuge of employment in a New Rochelle, New York, real estate office), and is enrolled at Georgetown (D. C.) University. Orton lives in Canada, and is a student of the University of Pennsylvania. Gray lives and does business in Canada. Remington disqualified himself last month by engaging in a match race for a "fifty-dollar diamond."

It is disappointing enough that the N.Y.A.C. should wish to win by unfair means; it is positively pitiable the A. A.U should be conscienceless to its duty. Meanwhile clubs honestly striving to live up to the rules the A.A.U. makes scanty pretence to enforce suffer great injustice.

THE KNICKERBOCKER ATHLETIC CLUB games were the first this club had given, and, in point of novelty, perhaps the most pleasing of the season. All the track events, save the 440-yards hurdle-race, were handicap, which gave the second-class men an opportunity they seldom have in important athletic functions, and withal provided some very interesting contests. It is a question if handicap meetings do not provide more entertainment than scratch events, except when a number of star performers are brought together.

Among the novelties was throwing the 4½-pound discus, won by R. Sheldon, of Yale, with 111 ft. 8 in., George Gray, the world's champion shot-putter, being second with 107 ft. 5¼ in. Sheldon not only defeated Gray, but beat the world's record of 101 ft. 9 in., made recently by Young at Boston, as well as the Olympic record of 95 ft. 7 in., made at Athens by Garrett of Princeton. In fact, the first three men all beat these old records, since B. E. Mulligan, who took third, also hurled the missile 102 ft. 2 in. Thus the New World beat the Old at its own game.

IN THE OTHER INNOVATION, the Marathon race, of 25 miles, the Old World record was not even approached. There were twenty-six starters, and eighteen finished—an exceedingly good showing—but the time of all was ordinary, and that of the first half-dozen only good by comparison. J. J. McDermott, the winner, ran the distance in 3 h. 25 m. 55⅘ sec.; the second man coming in 3 minutes later; the third, 11; and the fourth, 24 minutes later. When it is remembered that the Greek peasant who won the Marathon race at Athens last spring covered the 25 miles in 2 h. 48 m., the mediocrity of the American performance is realized. However, we are weak in long-distance running—always have been, and always will be, until the colleges and clubs give some attention to cross-country running, or at least put more three and five mile events on athletic programmes.

Besides Burke's record-breaking at 600 yards, Buck ran the 440-yard hurdle-race over ten flights of 2½-feet hurdles in 56⅘ sec., which replaces the 57⅘ record made in '91.

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB games closed the season hereabouts, with the *éclat* usually attendant upon this club's Travers Island entertainment, and a world's record credited to one of its members. 'Twas at these games Wefers ran 300 yards in the world's-record time of 30⅗ sec., and came so near supplanting the world's figures for the 120-yard. Outside of these two events the average of performance was rather low, quite the best of the track events being Hipple's win of the 600 yards in 1 min. 13⅘ sec. off the 15-yard mark. The hurdle events were mediocre to a degree, 17⅘ and 27⅕ sec. winning the high and low respectively. Our paucity of really first-class material in this game appears to stand revealed this year as never before.

The 1000-yard run furnished such an exhibition of jobbery as should have received the immediate attention of the referee. In any other sporting organization but the Amateur Athletic Union the referee would be called upon to give some reason for not promptly disqualifying Cregan. But the A. A. U. has ways that are peculiarly its own. Kilpatrick and Cregan were both in the 1000 yards, and the former started with a rush through his field, apparently having them all, Cregan included, well in hand at 600 yards. At this distance, however, Cregan came again, and so strongly that Kilpatrick could not respond, and would have been beaten several yards had not Cregan deliberately held himself in check and run just behind his clubmate to the tape. The time, 2 min. 15⅘ sec., could have been bettered materially if Cregan had run out his race honestly.

Possibly he fancied himself making a commendable display of loyalty in declining to beat a champion who is also a clubmate. If so, it was a fancy indeed. Nothing of this sort should be tolerated for an instant on an amateur track.

Quite the most interesting struggle of the day was that in the pole vault between S. K. Thomas, K.A.C., and C. T. Van Winkle, who tied for second place (subsequently won by Thomas) at 10 ft. 5¾ in., which was very close to the figures of the first-place winner, despite his handicap allowance of nine inches.

THE MOST INTERESTING INCIDENT of the closing season, however, is the notable success of the effort to introduce athletics into the army. From time to time endeavors have been made at different posts to attain official recognition of the moral and physical benefits arising to the soldiers from athletic activity. At some posts, blessed by having a broad-minded and discerning commandant, games have even been held. But the Department of Colorado is the first to obtain permission from Washington for the departmental recognition of athletics, and the first to issue orders to its various posts for the formation of athletic teams.

It is due entirely to the well-directed efforts of General Wheaton, who is in command of the Colorado department, and to the tireless persistency of some of the officers of his staff, notably Captains Hardin and Hoppin and Lieutenant Langhorne, and to General Nelson Miles's sympathy with so good a movement, that permission from Washington has finally been granted. We trust this is the beginning of a more intelligent and less narrow policy at headquarters, which may eventually remove the restriction that now proscribes the meeting of our two national academies, Annapolis and West Point, on the football field.

The first athletic meeting in the Department of Colorado is to be held at Fort Logan, near Denver. Teams are to come from posts in Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and, of course, Colorado. Each team is to consist wholly of enlisted men, commanded by a commissioned officer, selected by the post commander, and "the usual running-dress worn by athletes will be authorized in the contests."

THIS IS AN INNOVATION of great value and widespread interest. It carries with it a suggestion of the tendency modern training is making, and conveys assurance of an improved morale in the rank and file of our army. The introduction of athletics in every department of life's work would operate similarly. It is not merely increasing the muscles or attaining speed for running or skill for jumping; it is raising the percentage of healthful bodies; and if you raise the average of healthful bodies, there must be a proportionate increase of healthful minds.

Since the civil war the most beneficent elements working along this line in the general training of troops have been target practice, and athletic exercise in the gymnasium, and athletic games on the field. The target practice has given efficiency and *esprit de corps*, and the athletics aroused wholesome interest in the life and work and business of the soldier. Before the introduction of games there was nothing to relieve the monotony of garrison life but drinking and card-playing. Baseball, football, running, and jumping have given a new life to the garrison, and implanted a healthful tone and given a bodily vigor that a despatch-box full of orders and drill three times daily could not have brought about in half the time or half so well.

Efforts are not directed to the end of record-making, but to the all-round development of the men, and to sustaining their interest and co-operation in making the United States soldiery healthful in mind and body.

With a man like General Miles in command, there is every good reason to look for the spread of this splendid movement from land's end to land's end throughout our entire army.

At all events, there is no need of working up an interest among the soldiers themselves; their enthusiasm is deep-seated and sincere.

IT WILL BE MANY A DAY before so exciting a yachting event as the *Quissetta-Amorita* match comes to us. Nor shall we regret it very much. There was too much side betting and flaunting of opinions, backed by coin of the realm. The money made too much noise. But the excitement was all in the Larchmont Yacht Club House. There was very little of it in the race proper. After the two attempts that resulted in "no race," because first of *Quissetta's* disablement through being fouled by *Amorita*, and, second, because of *Amorita's* disablement on account of the parting of her bobstay, there was not enough excitement to make the event exhilarating. *Quissetta* won too easily. In the first beat she actually beat *Amorita*, boat for boat, 4 min. 50 sec., besides having an allowance of 3 min. 16 sec., which gave her a victory by 8 min. 6 sec. *Amorita* got the coveted windward place in the preliminary manœuvring, and came near blanketing *Quissetta*, the latter's skipper neatly getting her out of what might have been a most embarrassing position. It was a reach to the first mark, on which point of sailing *Amorita* is said to be strongest, but *Quissetta* turned the mark 1 min. 41 sec. to the good.

To the second mark it was a beat to windward, and *Quissetta* pointed higher, footed faster, and stood up stiffer. She continued to lead *Amorita*, and had gained another 1 min. 49 sec. when she luffed around the mark and started for the home buoy. This was also a reach, and when *Quissetta* had rounded the mark half of the thirty miles had been sailed, and she had a lead of 4 min. On the next leg *Amorita* reduced her rival's lead by 53 sec., but that was the end of her gaining.

THE VICTORY OF *Quissetta* in the second race was even more decided than it had been in the first. Her skipper managed her so cleverly at the start as to get away quite in the better position, and there was never a time, from first to last, when *Amorita* gained. The legs were short, and that gave considerable turning, and thereby furnished as clever exhibitions of taking in and setting sail as we have had this year. Both yachts were well handled, and a choice of the better crew would be hard to make. Dimensions:

	Length over all.	L. W. L.	Beam.	Draught.	Canvas.
Quissetta	96	66.6	18	11	5800 sq. ft.
Amorita	99.6	69	20	13	6400 " "

On the first six-mile leg of windward work *Quissetta* gained 24 sec.; on the next six-mile run before the wind she gained 1 min. 44 sec.; on the three-mile reach home *Quissetta* continued drawing away, gaining 49 sec. on this leg, and rounding the mark 3 min. 42 sec. before *Amorita*, with half the race sailed.

The second round was a repetition of the first, so far as furnishing evidence of *Quissetta's* superiority. She continued to lengthen her lead, and, as the wind increased, sailed faster and faster. Whether reaching, running, or beating to windward, the result was the same, and *Quissetta* finally crossed the home-mark 5 min. 45 sec. before *Amorita*—thus beating her badly, boat for boat, without the aid of her time allowance, which raises the official figures to 9 min. 1 sec.

"QUISSETTA'S" RACING LENGTH is 71 ft. 29 in., and *Amorita's* 75 ft. 6 in. They are two of the smartest schooners in American waters, and promise some interesting sport next year; for though *Quissetta* has unquestionably demonstrated her superiority at every point of sailing, the fickleness of the wind and possibilities of clever handling would always make a race between the two of great interest. It is to be hoped that the success of these two boats and of *Colonia* will give substantial impetus to schooner-racing next year. Two of the best—*Lasca* and *Ariel*—were not racing at all this season, and it seems a pity that opportunities for good sport should be so neglected. With *Colonia*, *Emerald*, *Lasca*, *Ariel*, *Quissetta*, and *Amorita*, such a schooner fleet cannot be matched anywhere in the yachting world. There need be no dearth of racing with these in commission, and now that our sloop class is in need of rejuvenation, it will be as well if our schooners are not ignored.

THE DEFEAT OF PHILADELPHIA by 40 runs in the annual cricket match with Canada would be inexplicable were it not that the inconstancy of Philadelphia form in match play has ceased to create surprise, even though it may be disappointing. Where Philadelphia cricketers are concerned we have learned by experience not to hurrah until we get out of the woods, so to say. On this occasion the difficulty was that Philadelphia could not bat. Only three of them reached double figures in the second inning, and the highest scorer was Biddle, with 23! And that equalled the top score of the Canadians, made by Laing, whose bowling, by-the-way, proved very deadly to the Philadelphians. It was rather slow work all round. In the first inning Canada made 87 and Philadelphia only 52 runs; in the second, Canada made 117 to Philadelphia's 112.

AS FOR THE Gentlemen of Philadelphia-Australian match, I confess to very slight interest in it one way or the other, unless it be that occasioned by a mild wonder as to why it was at all. There is such a thing as paying too dearly for a whistle, e'en though its decoration be most attractive and its notes never so alluring. If English amateur baseball-players should have over one of our league nines of professional baseball-players, it might provide the professionals with an enjoyable junketing trip and possibly attract a good gate, but I fail to see what good the English amateurs would get from it, or what benefits would accrue to amateur baseball in England.

Booking the Australian cricketers for Philadelphia is a precisely similar case. The Australian eleven is professional to a large extent, if not entirely so; it is one of the strongest that has come out of the antipodes, as its record in England clearly shows. No one for a moment expected the Philadelphians would win, or come near to doing so, although, on the other hand, to be routed by so painful a majority was perhaps as unlooked for. But the question is, what purpose is served in arranging such uneven matches? Apart altogether from the ethical side of the matter, what good comes to Philadelphia cricket from playing with seasoned veterans of overwhelming superiority? There is no encouragement to the home game in being simply swamped, or in nearly winning, or even winning a return match, in which the professionals are considerate enough to go completely off their form.

ON THE CONTRARY, its effect tends rather to depression than otherwise. Philadelphia cricketers are all gentlemen whose days are given to the pursuit of their commercial or professional careers. Cricket to them is a recreation, as sport properly should be with all amateurs. The game is a business with the majority of the visiting Australians. There is no case on record, with which I am familiar, where the meeting of two elements so dissimilar in environment and prowess resulted in good to the amateur.

Then, too, there is the ethical side of the question. Why should amateurs enter into a series of matches with professionals in cricket and baseball and golf any more than in track athletics? There are some ridiculously inconsistent webs in our amateur sporting fabric. Why, above all things, should Philadelphians offer inducements to these Australian cricketers, or other professionals, in the way of guaranteed expense money and the like? If beneficent results were to follow upon such a course, is not the time of their arrival, so far as concerns Philadelphia cricket, past due? And is Philadelphia cricket stronger to-day than five years ago? There is nothing showing such to be the case. Yet invocations to foreign cricket talent have had almost uninterrupted utterance throughout that period.

There is some satisfaction in meeting teams like that of Lord Hawke's, or those Canada sends to Philadelphia. They are amateurs, and, too, appear to have been sufficiently skilled in the game to give the home players abundant practice.

The trouble with Philadelphian cricketers is not purely local. It is the American predilection for "aggregations of talent," broad in its workings, and equally applicable to almost every sphere in which we move. We vastly overestimate the attractiveness of "star" performers. We attach too much importance to the alleged boom their presence is likely to give the sport. And it is about time we got over it.

THE AMATEUR ATMOSPHERE enveloping some of the colleges in the New York State Inter-collegiate Athletic Association had been very murky for several years, until the explosion following upon the disgraceful athletic scandal at Rochester University last spring. That exposé resulted in somewhat of a clearing, enough for us to see ahead a bit for future navigation. The faculties of these smaller New York colleges have promised better things for the future, and we are now awaiting the football season for their complete fulfilment. Meanwhile the State Association has adopted the following very elaborate affidavit, which every competing athlete must sign and swear to before his entry is accepted:

Affidavit.

I, ..., hereby certify that I have been a bona fide student, regularly enrolled at .... since ...., 189.., pursuing a course which requires at least 10 lectures or recitations a week;

That I am an amateur under the letter and spirit of the rules of the Inter-collegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America, in that I have never "competed in an open competition, or for money, or under a false name, or with a professional for a prize, or with a professional where gate money was charged," nor have I "at any time taught, pursued, or assisted at athletic exercises for money or any valuable consideration."

Nor have I received or been paid, directly or indirectly, any money or financial concession or emolument, as present or past compensation for, or as a prior consideration to contest, either from, by, or at the instance of any college association athletic committee, faculty, or any individual whatsoever.

AT ONE OF THE REGULAR COMPETITIONS for the Thebaud Cup at Knollwood, some weeks since, only three of the eleven starters handed in cards, and at the next meeting of the club a decision will be called for as to the legality of the practice. In one sense a player has the right to withdraw from any contest at any time, but it is surely more plucky and sportsmanlike to fight out a losing battle. The man who withdraws from a public competition does so either because he is making an exceptionally poor or an exceptionally good score. In the first case it is childish vanity, and in the second a desire to save his handicaps for some more important occasion, that induces him to conceal his true form from public inspection. Neither motive is creditable nor sportsmanly.

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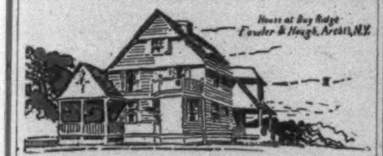

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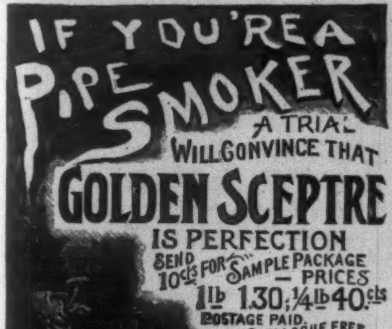
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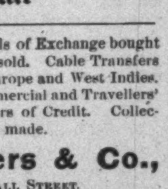
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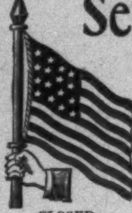
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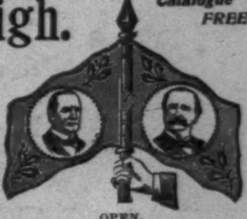
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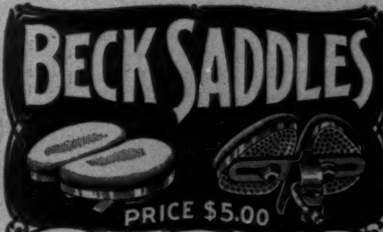
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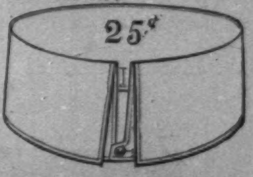
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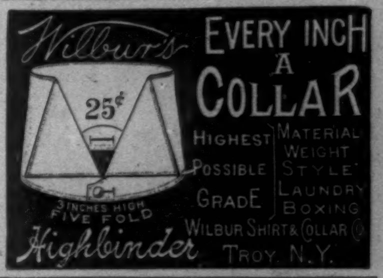
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